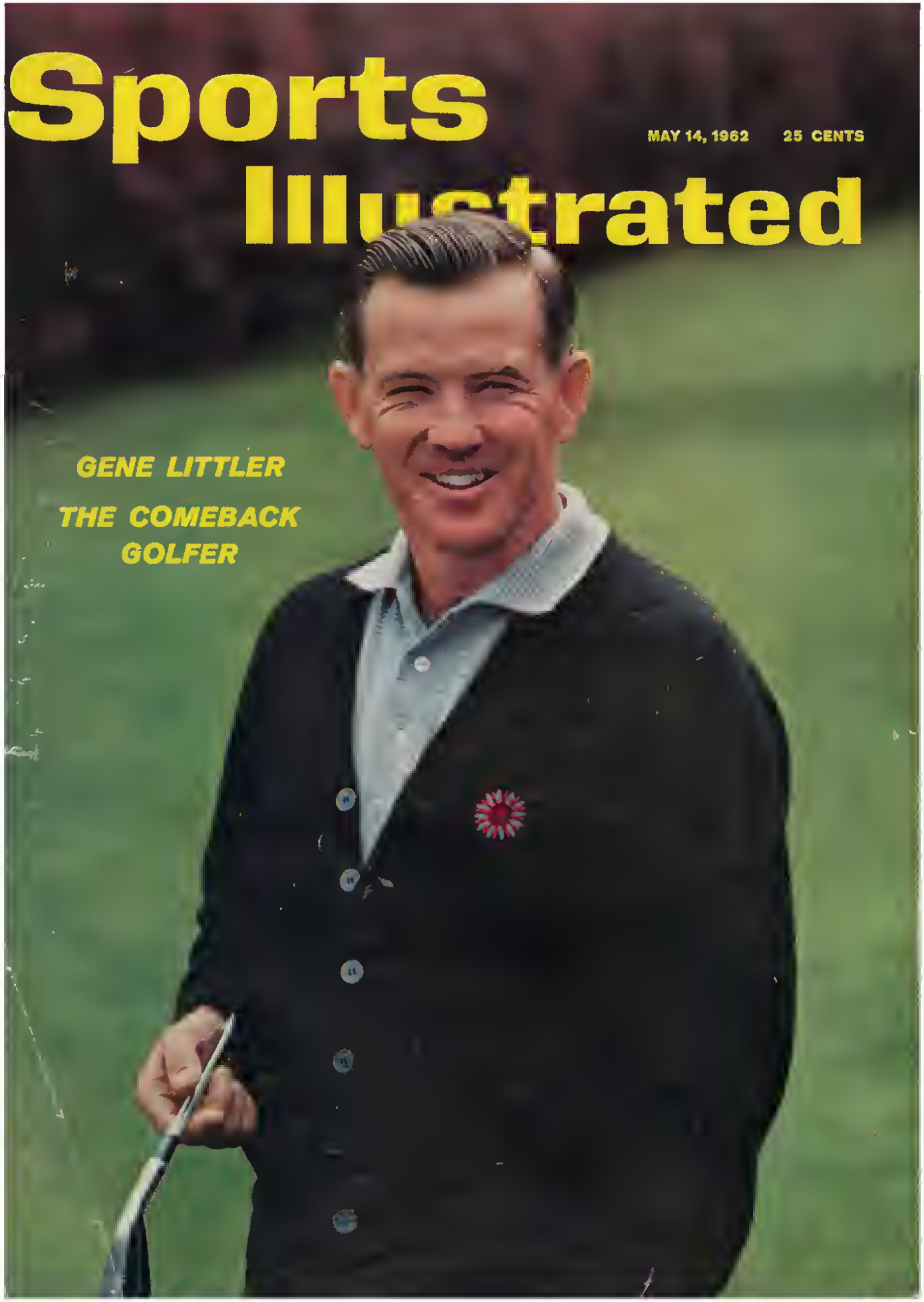
Sports Illustrated

MAY 14, 1962 25 CENTS



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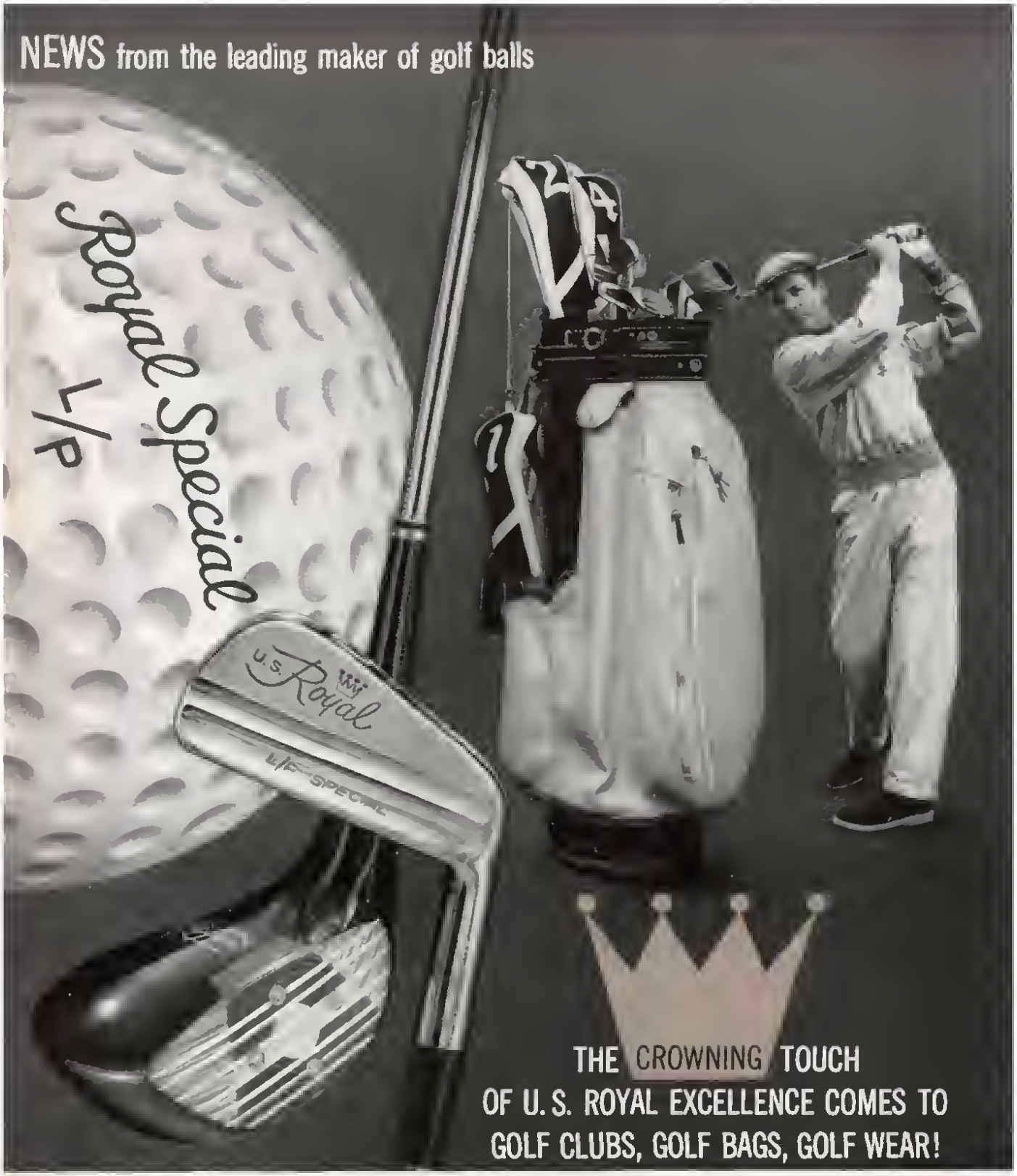
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Next week

THE JOYS OF WATER are celebrated in a 31-page supplement which shows how 90 million vacationers draw a bounty of relaxation and adventure from U.S. lakes and streams.

JIM BROSNAN, Cincinnati relief pitcher and author, writes of brush-back pitches, spit balls, Dexedrines and Martinis in another excerpt from his delightful book, *Pennant Race.*

PREAKNESS DAY. Baltimore's venerable family reunion, is the most civilized day at the races in America. Its unique charm and traditions are described by Gerald Holland.

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POINT OF FACT

A Preakness quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the $2 bettor and the racing expert

? *The trophy for the Preakness is the Woodlawn Vase. What is its history?*

• The Woodlawn Vase, which is insured today for $33,000, was made by Tiffany shortly before the Civil War. It was used as a trophy by the now-defunct Woodlawn Racing Association (Louisville, Ky.) and was buried somewhere in Kentucky during the war. In 1904 a Maryland Jockey Club member, Thomas Clyde, won it in a stakes race at Sheepshead Bay in New York, and in 1917 he gave it to the Maryland Jockey Club as the perpetual trophy for the Preakness. A half-size reproduction is given each year to the owner of the winning horse.

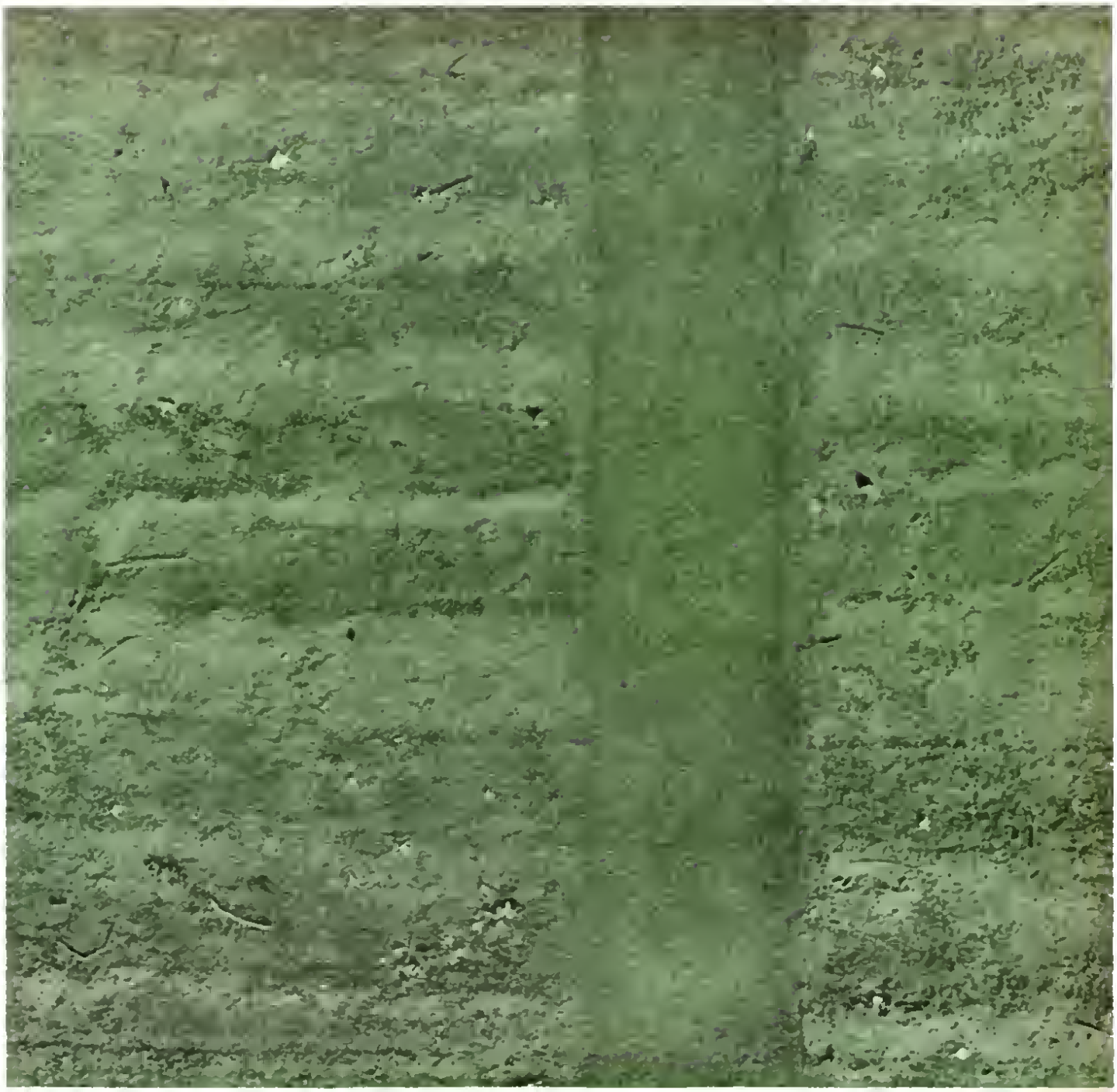
? *Has any horse in recent years skipped the Kentucky Derby but won the Preakness?*

• Brookmeade Stable's Bold won the 1951 Preakness after making only two starts as a 3-year-old. These were both at Pimlico, within 10 days of the big race. The first he won, and in the other he finished a close second. Native Dancer (1953) was the last Preakness winner who had not raced the previous winter.

? *Has any Preakness winner sired a horse who also won the Preakness?*

• Yes, five. Man o' War (1920) was the sire of War Admiral (1937), Gallant Fox (1930) of Omaha (1935), Bold Venture (1936) of Assault (1946), Polynesian (1945) of Native

continued



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Dancer (1953), and Citation (1948) of Fabius (1956).

? *Preakness starters now carry scale weights (colts, 126 pounds; fillies, 121 pounds). Has this always been so?*

• Prior to 1924 the Preakness was run under allowance conditions and starters' weights varied considerably. In fact, one winner, Layminster in 1910, carried only 84 pounds.

? *Has any filly ever won the Preakness?*

• Yes, four fillies have won the stakes: Flocarline in 1903, Whimsical in 1906, Rhine Maiden in 1915 and Nellie Morse in 1924. The latter won what is probably the wettest Preakness in history. She was owned by Cartoonist Bud Fisher, the creator of comic strip characters Mutt and Jeff.

? *What trainer has saddled the most Preakness winners?*

• R. Wyndham Walden trained seven winners. He won his first Preakness in 1875 with Tom Ochiltree, and three years later sent out the first of five consecutive winners for Owner G. L. Lorillard. Walden's final winner, Refund in 1888, raced in his own colors. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons—Gallant Fox (1930), Omaha (1935), Nashua (1955), Bold Ruler (1957)—and H. A. (Jimmy) Jones—Faultless (1947), Citation (1948), Fabius (1956) and Tim Tam (1958)—have each trained four winners, more than any other trainers still active.

? *Which jockey has ridden the most Preakness winners?*

• Eddie Arcaro rode the winner six times in 15 attempts. His first two winners—Whirlaway (1941) and Citation (1948)—went on to capture the Triple Crown. His other victories were on Hill Prince in 1950, Bold in 1951, Nashua in 1955 and Bold Ruler in 1957. Arcaro was second twice in the Preakness and third four times.

? *a) Which was the fastest Preakness at the present distance—1 3/16 miles? b) the slowest?*

• a) Nashua, who went on to win more than $1 million, won the 1955 Preakness in 1:54 3/5, breaking the track record as well as the stakes record. b) The slowest winning time was by Citation, the only other Preakness victor to earn $1 million. Racing on a heavy track, the Calumet Farm champion finished in 2:02 2/5.

—PAT RYAN



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POOR BILLY

When Billy Casper came walking up the 12th fairway at the Tournament of Champions last Sunday, he had a two-stroke lead over Arnold Palmer. Yet you had to figure "Poor Billy. He doesn't stand a chance." And he didn't. Palmer birdied the 13th and 15th, then knocked in a 25-foot putt from off the green to birdie the 18th and win by a stroke, in the Palmer fashion.

With that, the man who is dominating his fellow professionals like no one since Byron Nelson in 1945, added 11,000 Las Vegas silver dollars to his Masters and Texas Open winnings, giving him earnings of $35,300 in five weeks. One doubts that any golfer ever had a more spectacular and lucrative month.

It will be small comfort to the competition then, to hear this private comment of Palmer's after his win last weekend. "I've been giving it a pretty good run since February," he said. "But I've still got a lot of work to do. Don't laugh. I'm serious. I'd like to be hitting it better. It's mostly my irons that concern me. And my putting isn't as good as I'd like it to be."

Palmer may be right. But heaven help the opposition if he ever gets on his game.

END OF A STREAK

They were being called "The Untouchables." Through 23 dual matches they had carried North Carolina's tennis team to as many victories, giving the Tar Heels a 34-match winning streak. The top five singles men became the pride of the campus and they were also the big reason to believe that Miami's streak of 105 victories, an alltime college record, might be broken in the meet that ended the season.

Carolina sunshine made the day perfect. Students cut labs and took their dates to the tennis courts, where 4,000 were seated at $1 each, or climbed trees and dormitory buildings to watch. Miami Coach Dale Lewis called it "the largest crowd ever to see college tennis in this country."

Rod Mandelstam, Miami's South African star and former Wimbledon junior champion, took on Untouchable George Sokol, who 13 years ago fled Red Czechoslovakia with his parents. Alas, the first Untouchable went down to defeat, 6–1, 6–1, and so did all the others. Carolina did win two of three doubles matches and the praise of Coach Lewis: "Carolina has the best doubles team we've seen this year, but Princeton has the best singles."

Cheer up, North Carolina. A streak of 34 is by no means bad (and neither is Miami's 106), and you and Miami have proved that tennis—amateur, pro or open—is still not dead.

WORTHY CAUSE

The gimmicks of the press agent are generally trite, frequently desperate and often tasteless. For trite, desperate bad taste, with a touch of the mawkish thrown in, we offer you this one, designed to rouse you into buying a ticket for the Philadelphia fight between NBA Light Heavyweight Champion Harold Johnson and Doug Jones.

The fascinations of this match have thus far been pretty well resisted. So out of Jones's training camp this week went a telegram over the fighter's signature. It was addressed to President Kennedy, and it expressed the unctuous hope that the Chief Executive would present to the United Nations a plan whereby Jones would fight Champion Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight title, the proceeds to be donated "to help preserve peace in our world."

MAN ON A MISSION

It is yet no rival to soccer but a certain amount of basketball is played in France, as it is played almost everywhere these days. To encourage the game's development abroad Bob Cousy, veteran star of the Boston Celtics, set out last week to persuade the French that basketball is a "simple, noncomplicated, smart game," in a word, chic. Sponsored by a razor-blade manufacturer, he embarked on a tour of 15 French cities to demonstrate the game's tactics and to stress to individualistic Frenchmen the virtues of team play. His sponsor could not have picked a better salesman. Cousy, of French parentage, is fluent in the language, and no one knows more about the inner workings of a court maneuver.

CULTURAL EXCHANGE

The most popular show on Japanese television these nights, surpassing even baseball and adult Westerns, is that gory occidental delight, professional wrestling. It follows the hero-villain pattern (made in the U.S.A.), and millions of credulous Japanese, like millions of credulous Americans, believe in it sincerely—so sincerely that in one recent week four elderly Japanese keeled over with fatal heart attacks brought on by the excitement of "eye-gouging," "biting" and other seemingly nasty tricks.

Western wrestling was imported to Japan eight years ago by Rikidozan, a famed (and legitimate) sumo wrestler in his day, and it has made him wealthy. It has also made no contribution whatever to the efforts of the People-to-People sports organization, which seeks international understanding through sport. The villains in these Japanese wrestling shows are always foreigners, and the foreigners often are Americans. Japanese sports papers report the bouts



seriously, perpetuating the notion that these are genuine "world championship" bouts between dirty, cheating Westerners and decent, heroic Japanese.

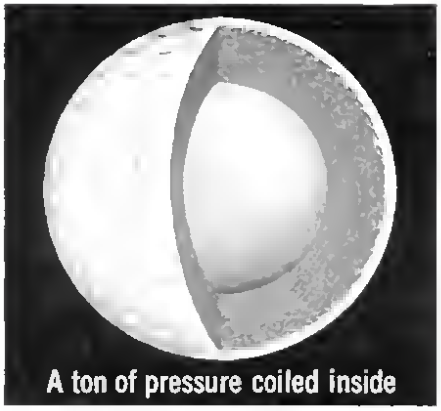
We have nothing to complain about. It's a buzzard come home to roost. After all, we invented phony wrestling, some of our newspaper sports pages still report it as if it were on the level and many of our villains have been foreigners, among them some Japanese.

THEY SAID IT

• Lou Boudreau on New York autograph hunters: "I don't mind signing autographs, but in New York they grab

continued





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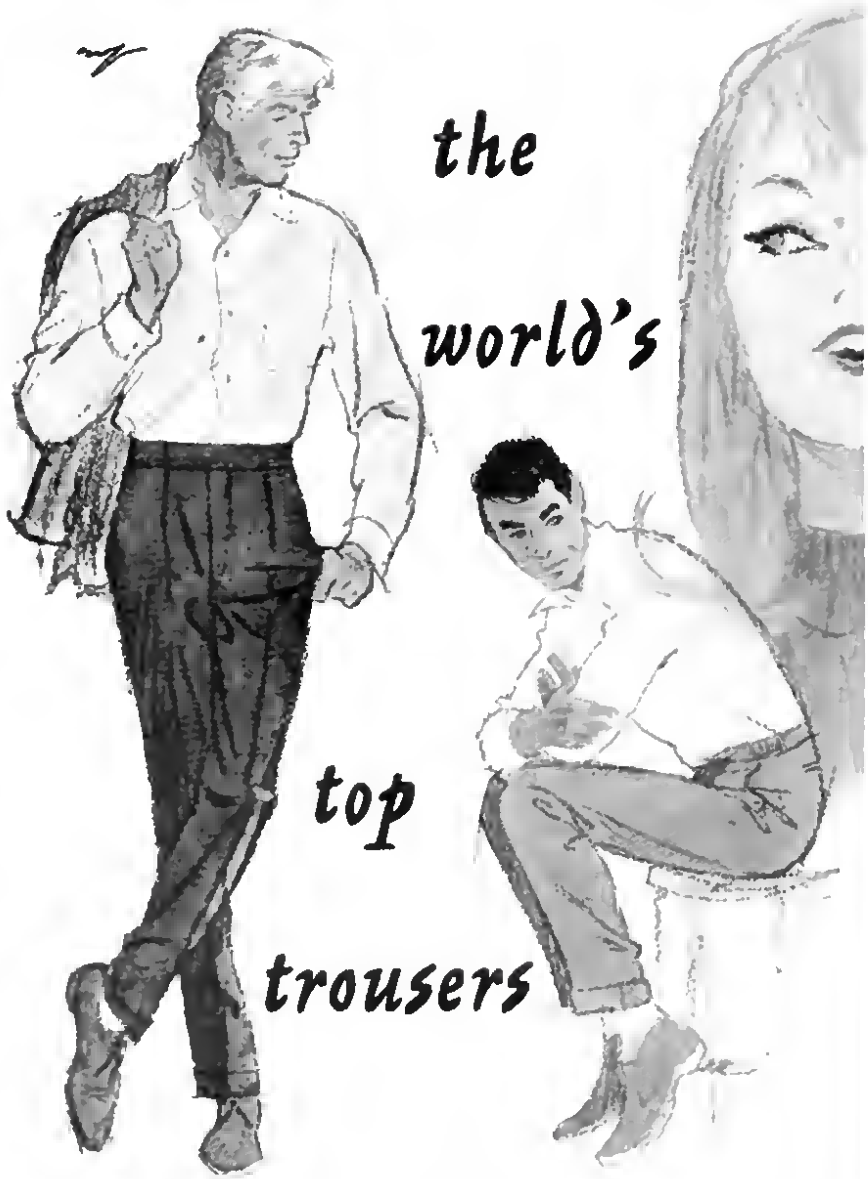


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you, tear your clothes and if they don't like the way you sign they squirt ink on you. Ballpoint pens were a great invention."

• Harry Craft, manager of the Houston Colts, when asked where his club will finish: "In San Francisco on September 28th."

UPSET

The great international candidates' chess tournament (to determine who plays Mikhail Botvinnik for the championship of the world) is under way in Curaçao, Dutch West Indies, and, says a sportswriter for the Associated Press, "This tropical island off Venezuela has gone chess mad." There is a pretty good reason for the excitement of the inhabitants, who are now going about their business with ears glued to pocket radios, like Americans during the World Series.

In fact, there is good reason for excitement anywhere. This particular candidates' tournament is the most important chess event of the decade, partly because of the phenomenal progress of 19-year-old Bobby Fischer, the U.S. chess prodigy, partly because of the desperate ventures of Mikhail Tal, the former world champion trying for a comeback. If any of the eight contenders was given no chance whatsoever it was Pal Benko, a 33-year-old Hungarian refugee who has become a U.S. citizen. A pleasant, untemperamental craftsman, Benko won the U.S. Open championship last year. One reason why he was given no chance at Curaçao was that in the candidates' tournament three years ago he did not win a single game. The official tournament account suggested that he should never again appear in such big-time competition because of "a despairing attitude when faced by the leading players."

Well, he seems to have conquered his despairing attitude at Curaçao. In the first round he defeated Bobby Fischer easily with a new opening variation that Fischer was unable to solve. When he then met Mikhail Tal, Benko played his unorthodox opening again, and at the 41st move, when not a whisper was audible, Tal offered his hand in a gesture of resignation. "I finally did it," Benko said, in bemused wonder. "It's the first time, and it feels wonderful."

There are still seven weeks of the tournament to go, so Benko's new chess

continued



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development will run into trouble. But so far he has made it plain that Fischer and Tal have someone to defeat besides each other.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• A French sporting-goods manufacturer is reported to have produced a new nylon leader material with the characteristics of a chameleon. It turns yellowish over sandy bottoms, dark brown over mud, greenish over weeds and so on, making it very hard for the fish to see.

• Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, general manager of the Los Angeles Rams, is expected to double this year as regional sportscaster for CBS, replacing Tom Harmon, who goes to ABC. Reason—Hirsch's status with the Rams is still up in the air because of the continued ownership struggle.

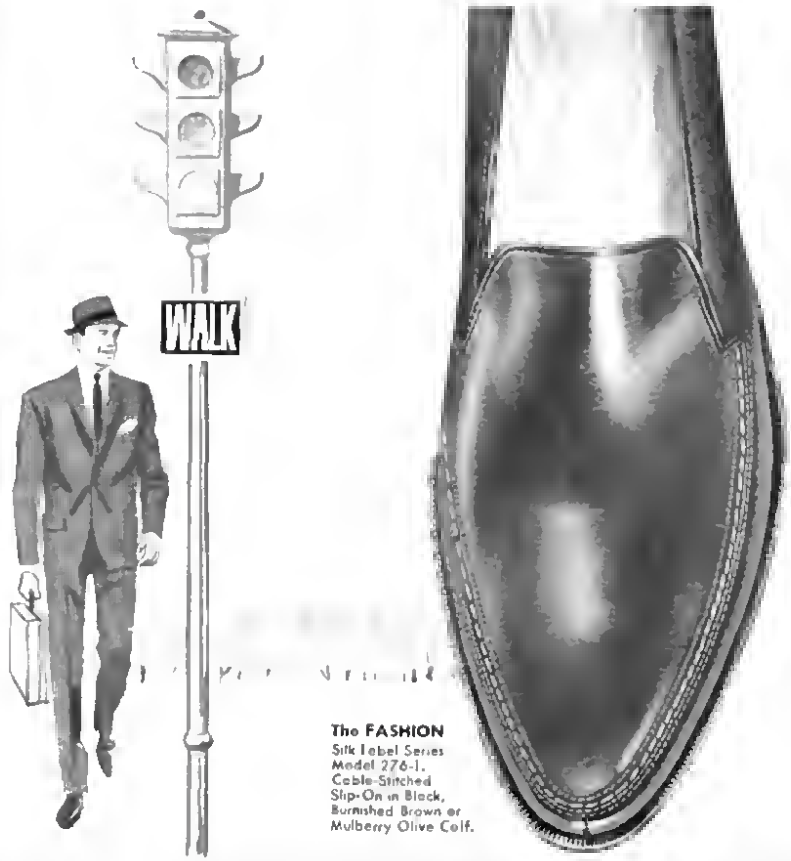
• As of yore, West Coast members of the U.S. Olympic Committee are upset because major chairmanships for the 1964 Olympic Games include only one West Coaster. Out of 34 positions, 18 chairmen have been named from New York and eight others from Atlantic Coast states. Tokyo will see pretty much the same group that went to Helsinki, Melbourne and Rome.

BLOOD AND MONEY IN TIJUANA

Aside from the goring of *Numero Uno* Matador Antonio Ordóñez, who will thereby be out of action for at least six weeks, the recent *corrida* at Tijuana's Plaza Monumental produced some other noteworthy considerations. The crowd of 18,000 high-paying customers yielded a gate of $75,000, a world record which surpassed by some $30,000 the highest gate at Mexico City's 48,000-seat Plaza, the largest in the world.

Also remarkable was the fact that each of the six bulls was killed with a single sword thrust—an achievement rare even in Spain. Matador Jesus Cordoba dispatched three of the animals and Matador Jaime Bolaños two. The wounded Ordoñez, after struggling free from a swarm of assistants and friends trying to drag him out of the ring, hobbled after his bony, erratic bull, gave it four wrenching *pases de castigo*, squared it for the kill and, as the crowd watched in awed silence, drove in over the horns. The thrust was slightly, and understandably, off center but Ordoñez, blood from the wound in his right thigh soaking his pink stocking, pushed aside helping

continued



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hands and stood before the bull until the animal fell to its knees. Then he crossed the ring under his own power and was carried to the infirmary.

Ordóñez has agreed to appear in Tijuana again July 8 for one more crack at high fees and treacherous bulls. He will have a lot to avenge in the way of pride and a lot to live up to in the way of drama.

LONG-PLAYING RECORD

Just before sunrise one morning a week ago Golf Pro Dean Cummings staggered into the clubroom of the Ironwood Country Club in San Jose and fell exhausted. His parched lips were cracked, his right hand was raw and bleeding, his left hand blistered and swollen. For the past 24 hours he had suffered from double vision, and he had not slept in more than five days. What was left of him, though, was happy.

Cummings, who is 22, had set out to break the world record for nonstop golf and he had done it. Last year DeRoss Kinkade had played continuously for 39 hours on a flat Oregon course, setting a record of 365 holes. Cummings decided to break the record on the very hilly Ironwood course by playing 700 holes in 100 hours. Admission proceeds would go to the Heart Fund, and for a $5 contribution you could play along with Cummings for nine holes.

Caddies were supplied in relays by San Jose State fraternities. At night the course lights were turned on, and Cummings kept going, stopping only long enough to eat and submit to an occasional massage. Three times during the ordeal he was examined by a doctor.

On the third day double vision struck him. From the tee he could see two flags, and on the green he saw two holes. Thereafter his caddies had to direct his every shot. On the fourth day his hands blistered and his lips cracked, but he continued to play, and beat 45 of the 48 men who came out to oppose him.

Largely on the basis of his doctor's findings, Cummings quit finally—after 91½ hours and 678 holes. He had fallen short of his goal, but not by much. His total score of 2,276 shots was only 92 over par, he had shot 94 birdies, he had walked very close to 100 miles and he had earned a nickname, The Iron Man of Ironwood. He probably had done his own heart no good, but he had earned $600 for the Heart Fund. **END**

Oh la la









Oh la la
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MR. H.L. SMITH

He's Harry L. Smith, Bell Telephone Communications Consultant

Case in point: General Coal Company, Philadelphia

Harry Smith called on this company a year ago—and made a complete study of its business operation, particularly its communications.

He found the switchboard was often overloaded because all outgoing calls had to go through it. The firm's 65 Philadelphia employees had outgrown their intercom system. When working late, management had limited night lines and could not make interoffice calls.

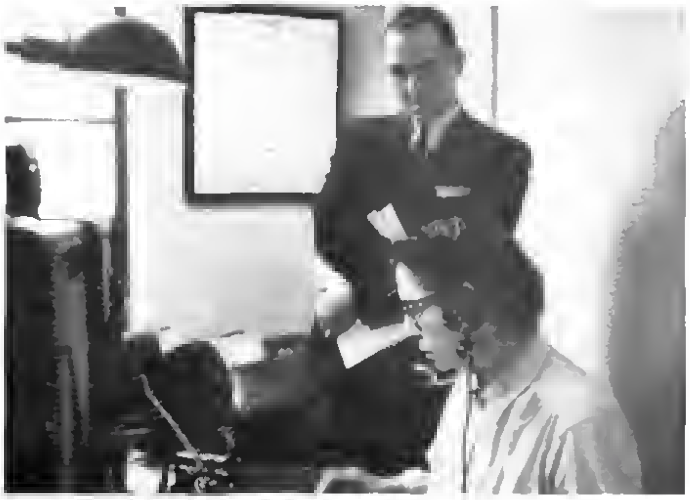
Newer, more flexible Bell System services were needed. Harry made his recommendation and got approval to go ahead.

A new dial intercom system was installed so employees could dial all local and interoffice calls directly from their desks. This also freed the switchboard attendant to give priority attention to incoming calls. Push-button telephones with line-flashing features were added to eliminate "desk hopping." Hands-free Speakerphones gave management new freedom of movement during calls. After-hours service was greatly expanded.

Vice-President W. A. Gallagher says: "The new system has helped us in many ways. Most important, it saves us *time*—enables our whole staff to work faster and more efficiently."

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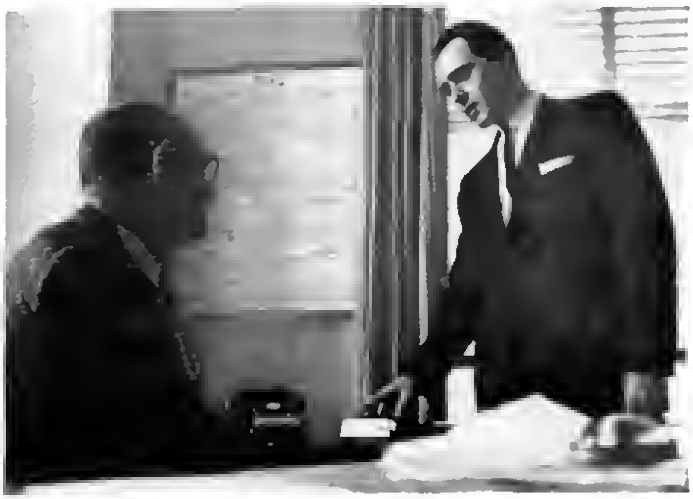
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Harry Smith observes Louise Haselton at the firm's switchboard. The new dial intercom system frees her from routing interoffice and outgoing local calls—speeds overall service.



Flexible features of General Coal Company's new interoffice communications system are reviewed by Harry Smith with Edgar Swain, Jr. (left) and Office Manager George F. Miller, Jr.



Speakerphones, installed in a number of the company's executive offices, permit hands-free calling and let management hold office conferences by telephone. Here, Harry discusses some of the service features with Vice-President W. A. Gallagher.

Sports Illustrated
MAY 14, 1962

'TODAY I HAVE



THE BIG SMILE'

A joyous Argentine trainer and a highly touchy U.S. jockey made Decidedly the 1962 Derby winner

by WHITNEY TOWER

Horatio Luro, the Argentine trainer who saddled Decidedly in last Saturday's Kentucky Derby, ordinarily looks like the suave villain in an old Astaire-Rogers movie. After the race, won by Decidedly with a superb stretch run in record time, he looked like the happy hero in the fade-out. "Some people laugh at me because I do things in the Argentine manner," he said. "They laugh when I gallop my horse two miles, because that is not the way that some of these American trainers do it. But the señor he gets the job done today. Oh, I have the big happy smile today."

Jockey Bill Hartack, usually the hard loser or the petulant winner, also had the big smile. Almost affable, he even posed willingly for photographers and then went so far as to talk about what was on his mind. (Ordinarily, it is a piece of his mind he gives out.) "I guess this Derby meant more to me than either of *my others*," he said (*he had won two* before last weekend), "because I beat Ridan, the horse I used to ride. Remember, I thought Ridan was a great horse and said so. He had a habit of bearing out, and when I worked him in Florida I thought I got him over that habit. Then they took me off the horse. That's the *owner's right, of course. They don't have* to follow my advice." As he talked a photographer called out, "Come on, Willie—smile!" Hartack wheeled like a light-mouthed polo pony. "The name is still Bill," he said. "I never smile over a Derby. In fact, I never smile over anything." But he did.

Horatio Luro will never forget his introduction to the colt that won the Derby for him, and did it so brilliantly over a remarkably well-balanced field. Decidedly had been foaled in California, at the ranch of his owner, San Francisco shipping executive George A. Pope Jr. As a 2-year-old Decidedly started his career at Hollywood Park last summer.

continued



THE BIG SMILE is flashed by Trainer Horatio Luro in the winner's circle, while Jockey Bill Hartack (*opposite*) offers a rare display of pleasure.

It was so discouraging that after he finished up the track in his only two starts and then developed a passionate hate for the starting gate Pope decided to send his colt to Saratoga and give him to Luro to train. "One day," says Luro, "I put the Gustines boy on him and Gustines is a strong rider. Decidedly throws Gustines one time and Gustines gets back on him. Bingo! Off he goes. Then Gustines gets thrown for the third and a fourth time, and I say, 'The stewards, they have to scratch out the horse.' But they let him go in the race, and down he runs at 24 to 1. I begin to get thoughts that maybe I have the classic horse. I also discover later that when they ship me the horse from California they forget to tell me that Decidedly is allergic to the bugle.

"This winter there is a lot of talk about Decidedly, and he begins to get like everybody's dark horse. He has a little trouble and I take him out of the Flamingo, but I say to myself, 'Never mind the Flamingo. You concern yourself only with the Derby.' Then next comes the Florida Derby and the talk about him starts again. But I pass up the Florida Derby and say to my wife Frances, 'Never mind the Flamingo and the Florida Derby, which are gone.' I say to her, 'Honey, we have the big chance in the big race.'"

The big race was a lulu, though there were so many "ifs" about it before it started. Could Ridan, the favorite, carry his speed for the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter? Would Sunrise County again make a shambles of the stretch run by forcing other horses halfway across the track as he had done in the Flamingo and the Wood Memorial? Would Crimson Satan suddenly regain his sharp form of last fall? There were similar questions about nearly every horse conceded a chance to win, and finally there was the letdown in public interest and competitive possibilities when Sir Gaylord, the early favorite, came up with another leg injury that finished his racing career.

Sir Gaylord's pretty female stablemate, Cicada, had been standing by in the wings ready to step in for him in the Derby. But just when their owner, Christopher Chenery, might have been expected to send her out to go against the colts, Chenery suddenly decided to run Cicada in the Kentucky Oaks instead. Of course, she won it easily—which only set many of her admirers to pondering just what she might have done in the Derby itself.

With the Chenery interests out, Ridan became the favorite on the strength of his great race in the previous week's Blue Grass Stakes. Second choice went to Sunrise County, while Decidedly, Admiral's Voyage and Sir Ribot were supported in that order.

At the start the long-shot sprinter Lee Town took the lead, and it surprised nobody that Sunrise County, Admiral's Voyage and Ridan were not far behind. As they went into the first turn, after running just over a quarter of a mile down in front of the packed stands, Ridan was perfectly placed. He was just off the pace and on the outside, and Manuel Yeaza was riding him with what appeared to be the authority of a circus ringmaster. At the same time Hartack was way back in the pack with Decidedly, waiting patiently for the right moment to launch his own attack. He was

THE PAYOFF ON LURO'S TRAINING AND HARTACK'S RIDE COMES AS DECIDEDLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRACK, WINS THE DERBY



in no hurry, and wouldn't be for another minute.

But just as it seemed that Sunrise County was going to take his first turn like a well-drilled guardsman, instead of like a Broadway barfly, it also became apparent that Ycaza was having no rocking-chair ride aboard Ridan. "He try to bolt with me at the turn," said an angry Manuel later. "I am, you know, strong as a bull, but this is too much to put up with. While he is trying to get out I am trying to keep him in and this is most very bad, because this fight between us is taking a lot of strength away from the horse. He need the strength to run and not to fight with me."

Going up the backstretch Lee Town's moment of glory was about to end as Ridan, followed by Sunrise County and Admiral's Voyage, moved like a mighty wave to the front rank. Willie Shoemaker had Sunrise County rolling along straight as a string, and Braulio Baeza had Admiral's Voyage, as always, doing his courageous best to stay as close as possible to the head end of this frantic hunt. Hartack, meanwhile, was ninth, one horse behind Sir Ribot and three behind Roman Line who, instead of shooting to the lead as expected, was playing a waiting game.

It was Sunrise County, Ridan and Admiral's Voyage, the three virtually together as they neared the far turn. Ycaza, on Ridan, did not want to be fighting for the lead at that point, but Ridan did. Into the far turn Ridan again tried to go wide as Ycaza battled to hold him in. Then, with the dramatic suddenness of a squall on a steamy summer's day, disaster overtook the leaders. Jimmy Combest on Roman Line, a 26-to-1 shot, Hartack on Decidedly and Ray York on Sir Ribot all came at the front-runners as they rolled into the turn. The pace had been furious thus far: 22⅗ for the first quarter; 45⅘ for the half; 1:10⅕ for the six furlongs. Now, as the three early leaders and the three challengers bore down on the quarter pole, the mile was covered in 1:35⅕.

Quickly, the pace took its toll of the speed horses. Admiral's Voyage, briefly in front during this charge, retired from combat after leaving the quarter pole and, as Baeza put it later, "he covered the last three-sixteenths of a mile 'walking all out.' " He finished ninth. Sunrise County, still running straight, ran himself straight out of the race at the sixteenth pole, but hung on to be fifth.

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A SAD DAY WITH THE BIG HORSE

Alongside Barn 42, just off the backstretch at Churchill Downs, a man was walking a horse. It had been a long day and the horse, a remarkable animal, only slightly smaller than the barn, was hungry. Since no food was in sight, not even an old wreath of roses, he kept trying to eat the man's arm.

"Easy, big boy," the man said. "You'll get fed."

Less tolerant souls than Henry Gervais might have decided to eat the horse rather than feed him. His name was Ridan and, as even money favorite for the Derby, he had run third, costing his groom a nice piece of change. But Henry Gervais would as soon devour his own young as Ridan, and no lousy 2½ lengths on an afternoon in May is going to break up a thing like that. In July maybe, but not in May.

Gervais has 47 years on Ridan and can match the big colt in neither coat nor conformation, but he is a masterful groom. Until Gervais came along, Ridan was a 1,050-pound package of nerves, ornery and restless and quick with the teeth. Now he only bites people for fun. "He's big and he's rough," says Moody Jolley, whose wife owns Ridan, "and the grooms I had before couldn't handle him. But Henry has him relaxed and settled down."

On Derby Day the night watchman stuck his head in the stable room to call Henry at 4:30 a.m. Gervais was already awake, listening to the big colt shift sleepily in his stall 30 feet away. He checked Ridan and cleaned him, dodging teeth with the skill of Sugar Ray Robinson slipping punches, and prepared him for his 6:30 gallop. When LeRoy Jolley, who trains for his mother and father, arrived with Ridan's veterinarian, Dr. Robert Copelan, they all looked the horse over again. "I hope you brought plenty of bandages, Doc," said LeRoy. "If this horse doesn't win today, we're going to need them for our heads."

Gervais saddled the stable pony for LeRoy and helped Chuck Corolla, the exercise boy, up on Ridan. He watched them walk away toward the track, Ridan's hindquarters swinging with each exaggerated stride. "He thinks he's a chorus girl," said Henry. When the horse came back from his easy gallop, Gervais took off the bandages, washed the colt, wiped him, threw a blanket across his back, walked him. Then Henry wiped him again. He cleaned the mud from each hoof and re-bandaged his legs to protect them from accidents in the stall. He gave him three quarts of oats and fresh water. Then he closed the screen.

At 4 o'clock, 30 minutes before post time, they started out, Corolla on the stable pony ahead, Gervais walking and leading Ridan by a shank, LeRoy Jolley and Doc Copelan in the rear. As they neared the paddock, Moody Jolley came out. "O.K.?" he asked. LeRoy nodded.

While Ridan was being saddled, Moody gave instructions to Manuel Ycaza. The jockey nodded, and they put him up. Alone, now, Gervais led Ridan out. The band played *My Old Kentucky Home*, and Ridan disappeared up the track.

For days Henry Gervais had been too busy to worry, but now his horse was gone. He stood along the rail, leaning out to see past the other grooms to the starting gate, fidgeting. Then the great crowd roared, and Gervais yelled: "Come on!" As the field thundered past, he called again: "Hold him, Manuel." The horses swept into the first turn, Ridan running hard at the leaders, and disappeared from sight, the view blocked by the tote board and the mass of humanity packing the infield. Gervais listened to the race caller over the P.A. Ridan, it seemed, was in, or at, or near the lead down the backstretch. "Just sit there, Manuel, just sit there," Henry begged. "Save something for the stretch."

When the horses came around the turn, Ridan was among the leaders. "Come on now, Daddy," Gervais yelled. "Come on, come on." Then his voice stopped. Ridan was coming, hard, but Decidedly was coming harder. The gray caught Ridan just past the eighth pole, and suddenly Henry Gervais, who had been carrying that big, rough, biting, beloved horse all the way on his own shoulders, sagged. "He's lost it," he said softly. "The gray horse has got him."

On the way back to the barn, a much longer trip now than it had been before, Henry said nothing. "Well," he said finally, "I don't guess they can say now that he can't go a distance. He broke that Derby record, too." He thought about that for a while. "He didn't quit. That danged jockey just went out too quick, and the horse didn't have anything left."

Henry washed the colt and sponged him and dried and rubbed and walked and watered him. He prepared his carrots and oats. He put fresh water and straw in the stall. He put Ridan inside. By then it was 9 o'clock. Henry put on his hat.

"Keep an eye on him," he told the night watchman. "I'm going to get a steak. But I'll be right back."

—ROY TERRELL

A WIN FOR ART AND BROCCOLI

Eder Jofre, artist, vegetarian and bantamweight champion of the world, knocks out a raw-tuna eater and stays undefeated after 45 professional fights

by GILBERT ROGIN



Vegetarianism is popularly associated with spiritual nuts with long hair and long toenails, except in the case of Popeye the Sailor Man, who, though naive, is a neat gentleman and the possessor of a heck of a right uppercut. In this corporeal tradition is Eder Jofre, a good little vegetarian like Popeye, who knocked out Herman Marquez in San Francisco last week to retain the bantamweight championship of the world and save humanity from a fate worse than vegetables. Marquez eats raw tuna, yet. "When Herman wins the title we will all eat raw fish," said Shig Takahashi, one of Marquez' managers and, happily, a lousy prophet.

Bantamweights are wee people, only flyweights and jockeys come in smaller sizes. When a reporter told a young lady that bantamweights must not weigh more than 118 pounds, she exclaimed, "Why, they shouldn't let them fight." When Jofre was posed before a big bowl of salad for a prefight picture, the photographer had to put the 1,136-page San Francisco phone book beneath him so that his face would appear above the escarole. Bantamweights are naturally short but they are unnaturally light. "What's good about raw fish," says Marquez, "is that it goes through your system. Right after the fight I'm going to have a big dish of enchiladas and tamales. It's so fattening, but I love it." Said Jofre: "To get where I have, I have sacrificed everything. No parties, not enough food or drink. This dedication is not compensated for by money, which has relative value."

When people were smaller there were bantamweights in all countries; indeed, the class limit was once 105 pounds. Now they are chiefly Latins. Jofre is a Brazilian of Italian descent who was born in a shabby gym in the Italian section of São Paulo. His father, Aristides, was an unemployed boxer. His mother, Angelina (nee Zumbano), most of whose relatives were also unemployed boxers, swept up the gym.

With 16 boxers and wrestlers in his family—including former European Middleweight Champion Hans Norbert, former Brazilian Lightweight Champion Ralf Zumbano and Lady Wrestler Olga Zumbano—there was little question what Eder would be when he grew up. At four he put on a pair of gloves. At nine he fought in public for the first time, knocking his cousin out in the third round. He lost but two fights as an amateur, and both were later redeemed by knockouts. He is undefeated as a professional, having won 32 fights by knockout and 10 by decision. He has drawn three.

Jofre's two younger brothers are now prizefighters, too, his sister is married to Brazil's amateur flyweight champion, and Eder's marriage, presided over by

continued on page 80



THE WINNER and still champion is draped in a Brazilian flag by his exulting admirers.

RUSSIA REACHES FOR THE CUP

In the capital of The Netherlands last week tradition was duly honored as Queen Juliana and her husband invited a clutch of reigning royalty in to celebrate a silver wedding. But in another Dutch city where the guests had come to play tennis, tradition was washed away like tulips before a broken dike. The inundation was accomplished by four personable young athletes from behind the Iron Curtain who together formed the first tennis team from Soviet Russia ever to enter into Davis Cup competition.

It was an auspicious entry. In the first match of this first European Zone round at the seaside resort of Scheveningen, Russia's 20-year-old star, Tomas Lejus, who was defeated by Australia's Rod Laver in the first round at Wimbledon last year, beat the first-ranked Dutch contender, Willem Maris, so decisively that he actually was embarrassed. "I feel bad," said the victorious Russian after winning in straight sets in scarcely an hour, "but then, if I not win, I feel bad still more."

Like many championship players from the Western world, this sensitive but practical youngster has been hanging around tennis courts most of his life, starting as a ball boy in Tallinn, Estonia, where his father is a supervisor in a furniture manufacturing collective. "I was at it all the time," said Tomas Lejus of tennis. An accomplished musician, who looks as though he might have stepped straight out of a role in Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*, he plays tennis with the grace and ease of one born to the game. He can direct his topped forehand drive with equal ease cross-court or down the line, and his backhand connects with either a slice or top spin as he chooses. When he made his first appearance on the hallowed center court at Wimbledon, Lejus admits that he was numb with nerves. The next time he plays there, he hopes, "it will be easier."

Far more than Lejus himself, his teammates—second-ranked Sergei Likhachev, 27-year-old former champion Mikhail Mozer and 24-year-old present champion Rudolf Sivokhin—betray the enormous emphasis Russia has put on tennis since the end of the war. None of them appears to be a "natural" in the way that Lejus does, but all are superbly conditioned and generally well-rounded athletes. Likhachev is a year older than Lejus, small but immensely strong, a physical education student, a basketball player and a frolicsome jokester. He is faintly reminiscent of America's ex-quarterback Jon Douglas—except for a handsome mouthful of gleaming gold teeth—and his tennis has some of the same aggressive quality. He hits his shots with a stiffer arm and more shoulder than the others, flat, without top spin, and consequently they have sharper penetration.

Handsome, muscular Rudolf Sivokhin, who beat Lejus in last year's Russian nationals, doesn't look like a tennis player at all, but he is clearly a man who makes few if any mistakes on the court. "I am only three-quarters in form," he explains frankly. An all-round athlete, he has played volleyball, basketball, and handball, and is only a notch below the official rating of Master of Sport in all these games. The son of an



RUSSIANS Sivokhin, Lejus, Likhachev and Mozer step out for a practice session in Holland.

Entering Davis Cup competition for the first time, a team of Soviet tennis players give themselves a Dutch treat **by JOHN LOVESEY**

electrical technician, he is an architect by profession, assigned to work on sports buildings and stadiums.

Blond, nearly bald Mikhail Mozer approached his game in Holland last week with the gloom of a commissar forced to explain a short quota, but that may have been only, as a teammate explained, because "he luff one of our champion lady players, but she does not luff him."

All four of the Davis Cuppers are end products of a determined Soviet effort to change Russian tennis from a scarcely noticed bourgeois pastime to a national sport. Though tennis has been played in Russia since czarist times, there were only 500 courts in the country at the end of the war. Now there are more than 2,000, and hundreds more are being built yearly. One of the men responsible for this forward surge is Cup Captain Victor Kollegorski, 48, a busy, balding and bespectacled little man who has played tennis since he was 10 years old. Another is the quietly studious Davis Cup team coach, Sergei Andreyev, who is 39 and was Russian champion six times.

"He is a mechanical man," says Captain Kollegorski of his coach in what is presumably a compliment in Russia. As if to fit the description, the coach spent most of one afternoon at courtside during practice at Scheveningen jumping up and down on an imaginary pogo stick to ward off the damp chill.

"It's youth we must concentrate on," said Coach Andreyev last week. "If the Australians can produce international class players at 18, it means they must have developed their techniques at 15. The Australians know how to prepare youth, and that is what we must learn to do." Jaroslav Drobny, the Czech champion who sparked Italy to two Davis Cup Challenge Rounds, believes that Russian cuppers will be challenging Australian supremacy within seven to 10 years.

Meanwhile, the Russians have taken only a relatively tiny step in the current year. True, their first-round matches ended in a victory over the Dutch that was clinched in five easy matches: the fiasco victory (6–1, 6–1, 6–2) of Lejus over Willem Maris, a slightly tougher four-set victory (6–3, 6–1, 4 6, 6–4) of Likhachev over Evert Schneider, a doubles win by Likhachev and Lejus against the same two, and two more singles wins on the final day. But the victory tossed the Russian tyros right into the big time against the country that has twice reached the Challenge Round, Italy. For their second-round matches, the Soviets have already elected to play in Florence rather than back home two weeks from now (as they could) because, they say, it can snow in Moscow even in May. A more accurate reason may be that they are not anxious to have their compatriots see Italy beat them. Playing before the screaming, partisan crowds that tennis attracts in Italy, being judged by Italian umpires and linesmen, playing with Italy's Pirelli balls, which are the slowest and softest in the world, should provide the Russians with some vivid new Davis Cup experience. But, despite the fact that Italy has not lost at home since 1948, Russian Cup Captain Kollegorski was not yet ready to write the matches off as just experience. "We have a saying in Russia," he says dryly, "that you should never divide the skin of a bear until it is shot." **END**



THE POWER KIDS OF HEBER CITY

A dedicated teacher sets Utah kids to walking on their hands with his enthusiasm for gymnastics, fitness—and learning

The small boy at right supporting the full weight of his handstanding gymnastics teacher was 3 years old in 1958 when President Eisenhower, in an effort to focus attention on the most serious shortcoming of young Americans, proclaimed the nation's first Youth Fitness Week. This week, as fitness is again singled out for national attention from May 6 to 12, it continues to be debated, often hotly, on all levels, from the President's Council on Youth Fitness in Washington down to the local PTA. Few people, however, feel more strongly about it than a Hungarian refugee physical-education teacher who, after years of wandering, turned up in Utah not long ago. For the surprising and encouraging story of what he did about fitness in one small town, read on.





Frank Eugene Sandy is the unofficial, unpaid, self-appointed Pied Piper of Physical Fitness for Heber City, a green and pastoral town in Utah's rugged Wasatch Mountains, 50 miles southeast of Salt Lake City. Since he arrived about a year ago a good part of the population, especially in the 7-to-12 age group, has been going in for calisthenics, working up to German handstands, Swedish handstands, flip-ups and handsprings, and the number is constantly increasing. It's a familiar scene in the schools of Heber City these days to see 12-year-old Susan Anderson walking on her hands, 10-year-old Kent Young pinwheeling into handsprings or 7-year-old James Brent Wright, also known as Superman, lying on his back as Mr. Sandy balances himself on the boy's hands and knees (*left*).

When he started, Sandy had two old mats in the combination gymnasium-auditorium of Central School, and nothing more. He persuaded some aspiring boy tumblers to put together a crude set of low parallel bars for handstands. To this day, that is all the equipment there is. But from this makeshift beginning the original 20 students have gone on to perform in nearby schools two or three times a week; they appear on television, and they constitute one of the most impressive examples of the value of physical-fitness training that can readily be encountered.

The enjoyment the Sandy-trained kids from Central School derive from their new-won skills is infectious. North School, the only other elementary school in Heber City, watched them and wanted a fitness program, too. In the village of Midway, 112 of the total enrollment of 140 were ready to sign up, along with 35 preschool-age children whose mothers thought they could tumble. Participants in the Sandy program score 120% to 150% in the White House test of physical fitness, far above the high mark of 100% that indicates good physical condition. When strangers see Sandy-

continued



DEMONSTRATING AT HOME, 8-year-old Elaine Anderson shows her mother how she learned to walk on her hands. Mrs. Anderson, a converted skeptic, now wants an adults' class.

trained kids doing handstands on a chair set up on a tabletop, they are awed. "It shouldn't be unusual, but it is," says Frank Sandy. "Any child could do it. But no one shows him how."

Until he began expounding gymnastics, fitness and educational theory in Heber City, Sandy was something of a mystery to the town. A short (5 feet 5 inches), light (130 pounds), 55-year-old émigré from Hungary with close-cropped gray hair, he had appeared unannounced at the office of Ferron Van Wagoner, the superintendent of schools for Wasatch County, and asked for a job. He was working for his doctorate at the University of Utah, he said, and he had to pay his way. Van Wagoner had little to offer this belated physical-education graduate, but he did have a pilot physical-fitness program for the fifth and sixth grades at Central School, and some work with mentally retarded children. Sandy accepted the offer.

His real job, however, he made for himself. "Every time I picked up a newspaper," Sandy said, "I would learn how poor American kids were falling apart. It sounded as if it were all their fault, but I didn't think it was." He asked Principal Elvin Giles for permission to teach a class of tumblers after school.

Some impressive experience

Giles was skeptical, but Sandy had some impressive experience. In 1933 he worked for the Ministry of Education in Budapest, teaching tennis, swimming and tumbling. In all, 12 Sandy-trained Hungarian youngsters grew up to be Olympic contenders. Liberated from a concentration camp after the war, he taught school in England, Canada and the U.S., got his daughter out of Hungary, received his master's degree from the University of Kentucky, and went to Utah on a graduate fellowship.

Superintendent Van Wagoner and Principal Giles gave him his chance, and Heber City's impromptu and engaging venture into physical-fitness training was under way.

The success of his program is no surprise to Sandy. "A child is one who doesn't know," he says. "American children are used to 'instant fun'; they want to throw the basketball into the hoop immediately. You have to teach them that work comes first, fun later. It's the same if it's arithmetic, morals or gymnastics."

SOME OF SANDY'S TOUGH ONES



Russian Leg Circle is a taxing exercise of skill and continuous movement, in which one outstretched leg is swept forward under lifted hands, after which the other leg is hopped over the extended one and the full circle completed.



Turn-the-pancake involves two partners in alternate lifts and push-ups. From up position (*above*) one is lowered by the other, they roll over together and repeat.



Crab Walk can be done sidewise, forward or backward. It strengthens the arms, the legs and the trunk muscles.



Bent-knee Push-up, variation of standard push-up, is done with feet held high and is good for building up shoulders.



Troika is a balance and endurance exercise. From squat position, thrust one leg out, then back to squat position.



Clean-the-floor does just that as boy, sitting with his arms extended over his head, propels himself backward or forward across the floor by straightening or drawing up his legs, shoving or pulling by digging in his heels.



The Clock, or Go-round, uses a skater's crossover walk to propel the body, with back held straight, clockwise around the pivotal arm, which supports body's weight.



Rolling Logs is fun for all, in class or at home, as five kids (or more) roll over and over in unison while carrying a sixth on their backs. The girl on top must hold herself rigid; she starts at one end and finally rolls off the other.



Injured-fox Walk, a children's favorite, is a strength and balance exercise of hopping around on two hands and one foot while the "injured" foot is held up high.

LOUD NOISE FROM THE QUIET MAN

After two terrible years during which his artist's game became a caricature, laconic Gene Littler has returned to golfing glory but not to the public eye

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Gene Littler, the U.S Open golf champion, is a soothing sight to watch. So gracefully does he swing a golf club that he makes this contrived and difficult motion appear as natural and effortless as the capers of a child around a maypole. When he warms up alongside his fellow pros on the practice tee before a round of tournament play, his fluid style tends to give the best of them a strained and awkward look by comparison. Only Bobby Jones and Sam Snead among the top modern golfers have ever appeared so entirely at ease while executing a stroke. Because of this wonderful swing, golfing greatness has long been predicted for him; and he is now, at last, living up to those predictions (*see cover*). Yet he has also developed as a rare athletic enigma, one of the most successful but least known champions in sport.

As a matter of fact, Gene Littler must often feel like the horrible example in a television commercial for a deodorant. Crowds shun him. Last summer, when he was only a few holes away from his victory in the Open championship, Littler and Gardner Dickinson, his playing partner, were being followed by hardly a dozen people. It wasn't until Littler was actually leading the tournament that the gallery began to gather around him.

As far as Littler is concerned, it is fine if the crowd prefers to remain afar and ironize the other players. "I just like to go out and play my game and be left alone," he has said with the disarming frankness that is part of his personality. "I don't like all the folderol that goes with winning."

Considering the hullabaloo surrounding professional golf these days, it is one of the contradictions of the sport that Littler can manage to remain as inconspicuous as he does. Since he turned professional early in 1954, he has won 18 major PGA tournaments (an average of better than two a year), and he has finished second in 17 others. His total winnings have come to $208,502, and only four golfers—Arnold Palmer, Doug Ford, Bill Casper, Jr. and Dow Finsterwald—have won more money in the same period.

This year, as Littler approaches the defense of his Open title in June, he has been having another excellent season. He won the Lucky International in San Francisco, finished second to Palmer at Palm Springs and was fourth at the Masters, where he was only two strokes behind the three-way tie of Palmer, Finsterwald and Gary Player. Throughout the first four months of competition he has remained consistently among the top three money winners, with total earnings of well over $20,000.

But the facelessness which Littler courts makes him the most difficult to comprehend of all the headline golfers of our day. It creates in him a diffidence that affects not only his personality, but his professional playing ability.

Only recently Littler was discussing Arnold Palmer and the willful optimism that makes Palmer assume that the most impossible shot will succeed, especially when it has to. "I'm the other way," Gene said, making an unusual revelation for such a successful athlete. "It never occurs to Arnold that the ball won't go in the hole, but I'm always surprised when it does."

Paul Runyan, that grand and graying teacher and competitor who is the pro at the La Jolla (Calif.) Country Club, Littler's home course, has this to say about Gene's attitude. "Generally, I think Littler is one of the three greatest golfers in the world today and one of





the top six golfers of all time. If he could just get the mental attitude of a Doug Ford, Byron Nelson, Bobby Jones or even a Paul Runyan, nobody would ever beat him. But Gene still has a tendency to feel negative unless he is in absolute top form, and not many golfers have ever had the ability to be in top form every week."

Few are in a better position to judge Littler than Runyan, for in 1958 he helped rescue Gene from one of the most celebrated slumps since Shirley Temple outgrew dolls.

Littler had emerged from the ranks of amateur golf in 1954 with a reputation so awesome that the established pros, if they believed what they read, would have been justified in beating their golf clubs into plowshares. The previous year, while still a 22-year-old seaman in the Navy, he had won the California amateur and open championships and then the U.S. Amateur. A few weeks before turning pro himself, he beat the best of the touring pros to win the San Diego Open. Only once before in modern golf had an amateur ever won a regular PGA tournament. When Gene formally announced his decision to play for money—one of the smallest surprises in the annals of the sport—he was immediately picked as the man most likely to replace Ben Hogan and Snead, whose best days were by this time behind them.

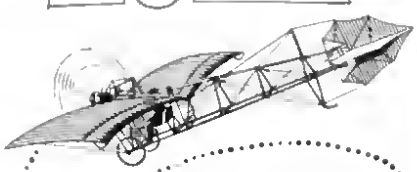
It took only a short while for Littler to start confirming these predictions. In the U.S. Open at Baltusrol that June, Gene stood on the final green needing a 12-foot putt to tie Ed Furgol for the championship. He missed it, but his second-place finish was still most impressive for one so young. The following year he joined the pro tour on a full-time basis, barnstorming across the country in a trailer with his wife and newborn son. He won four tournaments, including the lucrative ($10,000 first prize) Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas, and finished fifth on the list of money winners.

The year 1956 started off equally well. Before it was half over, Littler had won three

continued

PICTURE SWING of Littler, here shown in the follow-through of a drive at this year's Masters, is one of the finest sights in golf. Effortlessly and gracefully, he makes a difficult athletic motion appear easy.

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more tournaments, one of them a repeat at Las Vegas. But suddenly the magnificent grace of his golf swing disappeared. Between August of that year and February 1959—two and a half bleak years—he won only a single tournament, a third victory at Las Vegas.

Today Littler is understandably weary of rehashing that desperate nadir of his golf career. "It was strictly a mechanical thing," he says. "When I started out as a pro I didn't know much about the mechanics of the game. I had always played with a strong right hand, and eventually this worked itself into a closed club face when I hit the ball. Pretty soon I was hooking everything, and unconsciously I tried to block out that hook. The more I corrected, the worse it got.

"I finally talked it over with Paul Runyan," Littler continued. "Even then I wasn't hurting too much for money, making a little here and a little there, but I was kind of floundering around and not really getting anywhere. I had thought some of changing my grip, and after talking to Paul I decided to do it. So I turned my right hand counterclockwise, more on top of the club so as to open up the club face.

"I started practicing that in November 1958. At first I just hit every shot to the right for a while. About the first part of '59 I started playing good again." The statistics attest to just how well Littler started playing. He won five tournaments, finishing second to Art Wall Jr. on the 1959 list of money winners.

Littler's passion for anonymity has helped to conceal the subtle charm of his personality as well as the brilliance of his competitive golf. But those who know him best—fellows like Bill Casper and Don Whitt, who also live in the San Diego area and played on the same golf team with Gene when they were in the Navy together—find a lively wit behind his bland facade. At last year's Colonial Invitational in Fort Worth, Casper was in the press room on the second floor of the clubhouse one afternoon when Littler was dragged in for a reluctant interview after an exceptionally fine round of 67. "This guy is a riot," Casper told a couple of nearby reporters, and he himself hung around for the laughs. Gene's laconic, often monosyllabic remarks were a bit too dry to bring down the house, but they killed Casper.



THE LITTLERS, CURT, SHIRLEY AND SUZANNE, WITH FAMILY'S FRENCH SPORTS CAR

One might easily conclude that Littler is a man with some God-given gift for golf who dissipates it with a kind of aimless indifference. Actually, the opposite is true, for Littler is a man with a neat and dedicated mind, as his trim, blonde wife Shirley will point out. "He carefully thinks through every problem," she said the other day, "and once he's made his decision nothing can shake him loose from it. He must be about the most determined man in the world." He is allergic to grass, of all things, and sometimes can't sleep because of this. But, says Shirley, "he refuses to believe allergies are anything but psychological," and he grimly ignores them.

continued



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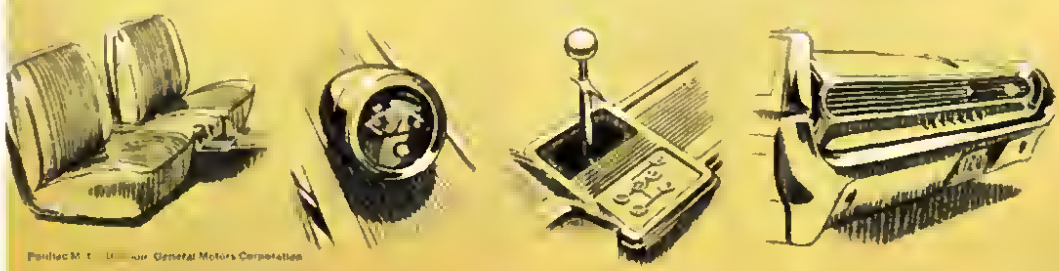
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Shirley Littler cast her mind back a few years to when they were settling into their new $80,000 California ranch house in the hills behind La Jolla. "For almost a year after we moved into our new home," she said, "I had been fooling around with a mosaic wall piece. I had all the pieces and the frame and the picture worked out, but I couldn't seem to get time to start fitting the pieces together.

"Gene finally got tired of seeing it unfinished, so he went to work on it, and we did it together. He loses himself in projects like that. He worked from 8 in the morning to 10 at night every day for a month until it was finished."

Littler has applied that same purposeful concentration to golf since his mother and father first put a club into his hands at the age of 10. That was in wartime San Diego, a city that was then a harsh blend of defense industry and Navy bustle. Gene's father, Fred Littler, a stocky, red-haired accountant who had emigrated from England in his youth, was a man of modest means who worked, as he still does, for one of the large construction companies in the area. What little luxury there was in the San Diego community in those days was centered around suburban La Jolla, and Gene's parents played golf at the La Jolla Country Club.

The youngest of three brothers, Gene was a husky boy for his age and a good athlete. He participated in many sports, but none with the zeal that he gave to golf. Once he got his first set of clubs he practiced by the hour, day after day, and he was shooting in the 60s by the time he was in high school. The easy, relaxed swing that is such a distinguishing mark of Littler's game today came naturally to him, and he can't remember ever taking a formal lesson as a youngster.

Now, at the age of 32, Gene is only medium-sized—5 feet 9 and a few pounds on either side of 170—but he reached these measurements in his middle teens. He has arms and hands like a stevedore, largely due to the weight lifting and gymnastics that he and his buddies practiced on the San Diego beaches. At one point in those muscle-conscious high school days Gene was both a shot-putter on the track team and a violin player in the school orchestra.

But golf was the epicenter of Littler's

continued



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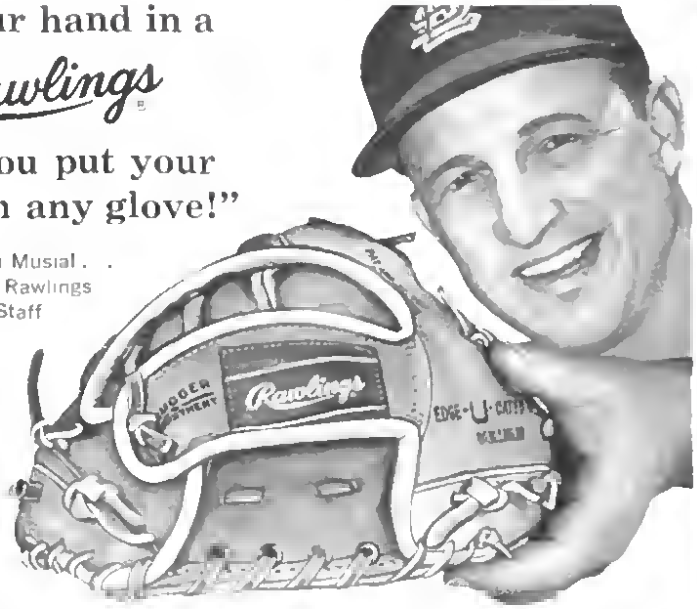
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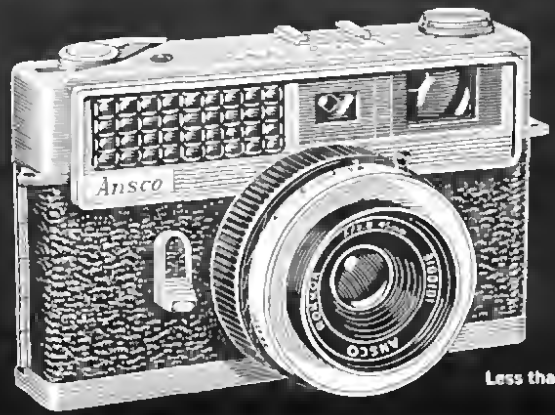


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GENE LITTLER

life, and by the time he was 17 he was good enough to win many local tournaments and reach the finals of the National Jaycee championship in Peoria, Ill., one of the biggest junior events in the country. The following year he won it. Littler more or less drifted from high school into San Diego State College for outside of golf he had no strong feelings about what he wanted to do in life.



AS TEEN-AGER, LITTLER SWUNG AS TODAY

After two years at San Diego State he enlisted in the Navy, which appreciates athletes. It stationed him first in his home town and then at the Navy air base in Coronado, just across the bay. Gene played golf earnestly throughout his time in the service, and his national amateur victory came while he was still in uniform.

Gene married Shirley Warren, who had been his classmate at San Diego State, 10 days before he entered the Navy, and their son Curt was born shortly before Gene got his discharge in early 1954. That was the year he started off by winning the San Diego Open as an amateur. The minute his discharge papers were in hand, Gene, Shirley and little Curt hurried off to Palm Springs, where Gene signed a contract to represent the Thunderbird Golf Club on the professional tour. Among other emoluments, the club traded in Gene's old jalopy for a new Mercury and the 27-foot

continued

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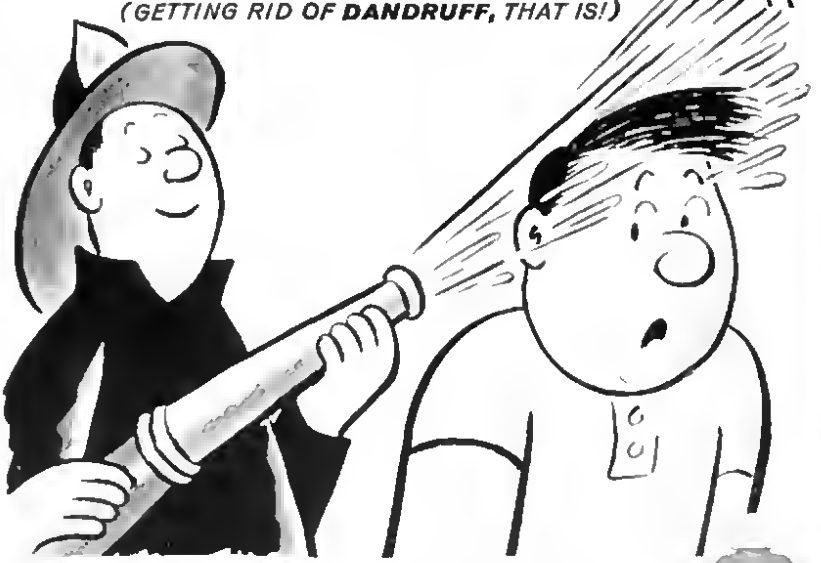
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trailer in which the family lived when they first set out on the tournament trail.

"I'll never forget when we reached Cincinnati that summer," Littler reminisces. "I'd finished my six months as an apprentice, so I was eligible to win money. I picked up a check for $700 there, and I thought I'd never seen so much money."

Shirley Littler is as outgoing as Gene is withdrawn, but both in their separate ways are among the most popular members of the troupe of golfing families that regularly follow the tournament trail. (At the start of the 1962 season, Gene's fellow pros voted him the one they would most like to play with in a tournament.) The combination of their different temperaments works so well that Shirley is able to say, "I think I'm a woman with an ideal husband. Gene has all of the qualities that a man should have to make a good husband and none of the bad ones. When he's at home, he is the most even-tempered and easygoing guy in the world."

Littler reciprocates his wife's sentiments entirely. "Shirley has been a great inspiration to me," he once said, "and I'd rather be home with her and the children [in addition to son Curt, the Littlers have a daughter, Suzanne, 4] than anywhere. To me, being out on the tour is not the greatest thing in the world, and I probably knock off too much for my own good."

As for his temper, Littler takes issue with his wife. "It's there, all right," he says, "but I've learned to control it. When I was a kid I used to throw things around, and then I found out that it doesn't do you any good. I still get sore, though, when I make a bad shot or do something stupid. If you don't get a little upset out there, you're not trying hard enough. And if you're out there trying as hard as you can and things aren't going right, you're not going to be happy."

Like everything else about himself, Littler manages to keep these very emotions that make him a stern competitor concealed from the public. It may not make for good box office to be known as Old Stone Face, but the man with the smooth swing and smooth disposition plays serenely on, having found his own method for being one of the biggest men in golf. **END**



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But in 1961 Chrysler Corporation changed all that with the exclusive Alternator. Unlike the old-fashioned generator, this new kind of electrical system keeps delivering a charge even when you're stuck at a stop light.

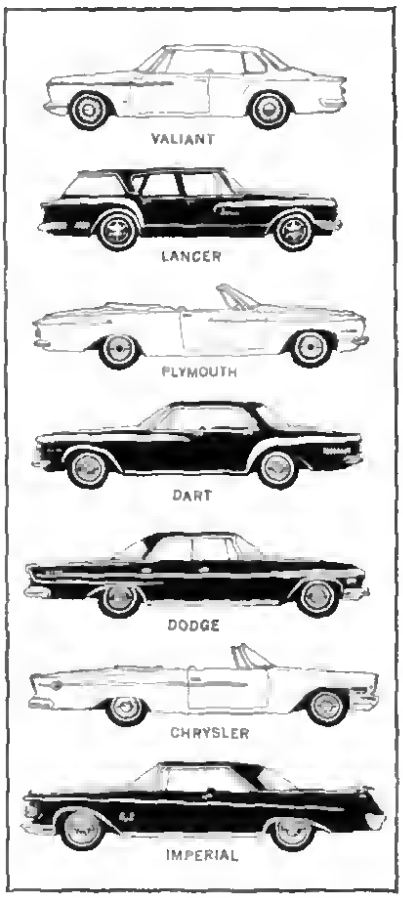
This means that next week, next month and next winter you'll be driving around with more "kick" in your battery. More juice in reserve. The full power potential your battery *should* be giving you.

It also means that two years from now, when many of your friends may be buying new batteries, you'll be driving around $15 to $20 richer. Your battery will last a lot longer with the Alternator.

Someday all cars will probably offer Alternators. But Chrysler Corporation is the first to have this on all its cars . . . and at no extra cost.

You get other exclusive advantages, too. Like strong, quiet Unibody Construction. Seven-soak rust protection. Road-leveling Torsion-Aire Ride. A lot more action on a lot less gas.

See the Chrysler Corporation cars at your dealer's. Even with all the extra value they give you, model for model they're priced as low or lower than other makes.



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DESIGN FOR SPORT

In the garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art this week the Maillol bather, poised over a reflecting pool, and the bronze Henry Moore family, seated beneath a sycamore, got some unexpected but worthy company. Under an 60-foot-square tent, a sailplane soars above lighted vitrines that display baseball masks and hockey gloves. A hydroplane shows its potential for speed in every curve. These and others are part of the first museum exhibition of contemporary objects ever drawn from the world of sport.

For The Museum of Modern Art, a Design for Sport show is not the artistic reach that it might seem. Since the museum opened in 1929, one of its major roles has been to recognize excellence of design found in man's contemporary artifacts. It has presented a Machine Art show (1934), a series of Useful Objects shows, two automobile shows (1951 and 1953), an American textiles show (1956) and a packaging show (1959). These, with its own design collection, have established the museum as America's most respected arbiter of 20th century design.

The 115 objects selected for the sports show (they are listed at the end of this article) come from 56 sports pursued in 17 different countries. They were chosen by the museum's Director of Architecture and Design, Arthur Drexler, and its Associate Curators of Design, Mildred Constantine and Grete Daniel. The show, which will continue through July, is jointly sponsored by the National Sporting Goods Association and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, whose editors approved the objects for their performance qualities. For more color photographs and an essay on the role of design in sport, please turn the page.



The contours of this mask, shown before an archery target, guard the fencer and render him anonymous, thus heightening the mystery of a romantic sport.

Photographs by Mark Kauffman





The car and the sulky in this picture satisfy separate but similar cravings for speed. The Houghton harness-racing sulky is basically the same today as it was in 1908. The Formula Junior Lotus was designed by Englishman Colin Chapman in 1960. Both vehicles speak the language of speed, but with a vocabulary as different as the times that created them. The Lotus is, in the opinion of The Museum of Modern Art, beautiful because of the way its solid forms are combined. Its low-slung torpedolike mass spanning outsized wheels gives it a powerful, almost menacing, forward thrust even when it is standing still. The cast magnesium wheels are solid, made strong by their undulating shapes. The form of the cowling is repeated by the windscreen. The sulky, by contrast, is an expression in linear composition. It achieves its strength with lightweight bent woods—hickory for the frame, ash for the shafts—and the rigid geometry of steel bicycle spokes. Unlike the car, covered by its fiber-glass skin, the sulky is skeletal—all its workings show. Asymmetry gives it a poised tension, like that of a sprinter in the blocks.





CHALLENGE OF FORM

by Fred R. Smith

To a hitter, the beautiful thing about a baseball is the sight of it soaring into (or over) the bleachers. The beautiful thing about a bat is the sound of it connecting. But to The Museum of Modern Art, which has spent a year examining the artifacts of sport, a baseball is beautiful even on a shelf. Every handsome element of a baseball's design is there for a reason. Nothing is extraneous. Everything works. It is a perfect example of the law that in sport, as in architecture, a thing has to do what it is designed to do or it is as useless as tailfins on a houseboat.

A ball is one of sport's simplest expressions of the form-follows-function credo. Without the figure-eight pattern of its hand stitching, a baseball would be just another sphere. But the pattern is not for decoration, nor is it merely to hold the horsehide sections together—that could be accomplished by a seam around the middle. The curvilinear design provides a grip for the pitcher, and when the ball is released with a spinning action the seam gives the sort of resistance in flight that makes a controlled curve possible. The same principle works on tennis balls. A football, on the other hand, being elliptical and pebbled, is stabilized in flight by its spin, in the manner of a gyroscope. And the linear sectional grooves of a soccer ball keep it in a straight path when it is kicked.

While acknowledging the important place of function in determining the characteristics of a well-designed object, the museum's Arthur Drexler feels that the best designs for sport display a second important attribute—the mark of a designer's individual taste. Not everyone entirely agrees—Howard Head (SI, Dec. 18), for example, the designer and manufacturer of one of the most esthetically satisfactory products in all of sport, the Head ski, has this to say: "There should be an absolute concentration on function, a logic to design. And if the designer concentrates on function, it is a subtle fact that he comes up with a thing of beauty as well." But for Drexler a designer's role is not so simply stated. Of Head and his ski, he says, "He still had an element of free choice, and not all his design decisions can have been determined entirely by function. Even with the little latitude that was allowed to him in the design of his ski, he was able to exercise his personal taste. This can be seen in the proportion of bright metal to black plastic and in the extraordinarily sensitive modulations of thickness."

In addition to function and taste, Drexler believes, a third and less tangible force motivates good design for sport. It embodies a classical concept of the Greeks—that winning the race is not so important as running it well. This is the concept defined in the citation accompanying SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual Sportsman of the Year award, which goes each year "to that individual who, in the opinion of the editors, has most closely approached the degree of excellence suggested by the ancient Greek concept of *arete*—a unity of virtues of mind and body to which the truly complete man (continued)

Stitched leather forms the artful simplicity of an official baseball, the armorlike padded-and-laced intricacy of a hockey goalie's stick glove.

of every age must aspire." *Arete* has a place in every sport, and the pursuit of excellence has a refining influence on the equipment of sport as well as on men.

Thus, when the sportsman buys a piece of equipment he also buys a potential—the possibility that the skills of the craftsmen who designed it may combine with his own skills to produce true excellence. He *could* equal Anderl Molterer on his Kneissl White Star skis. He could break par with the clubs Ben Hogan designed, or catch a record trout with his Orvis bamboo rod. The potential is there in the object; and in its challenge and in its use the object tests the man as the man tries the object. The relationship is a very close and personal one, indeed more personal than that of a consumer to a product in any other field. Englishman William F. Hardy, who does his designing on a riverbank, says: "When you are fishing, the tackle is part of yourself."

When the implement of sport becomes a part of the person, and the two join in the pursuit of excellence, there is no room for superficial decoration. Equipment that poses a challenge to the user tends to be honest and functional. By contrast, consumer goods that work on a push-button basis and ask nothing of the buyer except money often develop a jukebox character. The housings of outboard motors intended for nonboatmen may swell up like vacuum cleaner bags and often are striped with useless paint and chrome; cars and boats are both adorned with tailfins borrowed from airplanes (where they have a function).

This sort of thing rarely happens to sailboats. "I've never seen a gaudy, gadgety sailboat," says Drexler. Sailboats, whether as simple as Ian Proctor's English-made MiniSail, an ingenious, scooped-out surfboard with a sail, or as intricate as an America's Cup 12-meter challenger, have no deck room for unnecessary gadgets.

Nor do competition motorboats—when they are designed by someone like Ted Jones. Jones is the creator of such Gold Cup-winning boats as the famous *Slo-Mo-Shuns*, and he is to hydroplanes what Howard Head is to skis. Like Head, he got his pre-sports training in the aircraft industry. The Jones hydroplane in the museum's exhibition was commissioned by the Kiekhaefer Corporation to test its Mercury outboard motors. It is as lyrical as a fiddle in the sweep of its polished plywood. But those racy curves were not put there by Jones simply to please the eye. "I start with the lines that function best—make a boat turn well, accelerate well and give it good handling at top speed," says Jones. "If I used formal engineering and designed my boats with a slide rule, things would not have worked. I make my blueprints after I design the boat."

For Drexler, a Ted Jones hull has a preferred set of proportions that, like handwriting, cannot be disguised. They produce, within the Jones-tested formula for speed on water, an elegantly refined craft that is its own best trademark.

The design of sporting goods is further disciplined by the necessity in sport for using appropriate tools. No sportsman would go after deer with a .458 magnum or brook trout with salt-water tackle. Contrarily, the Winchester Model 94 carbine, a versatile sporting firearm ideally suited for short-range North American big game hunting, is the most popular rifle ever made. It is so appropriate for the American rifleman that it hasn't changed in (continued)



"WHEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO DRIVE...

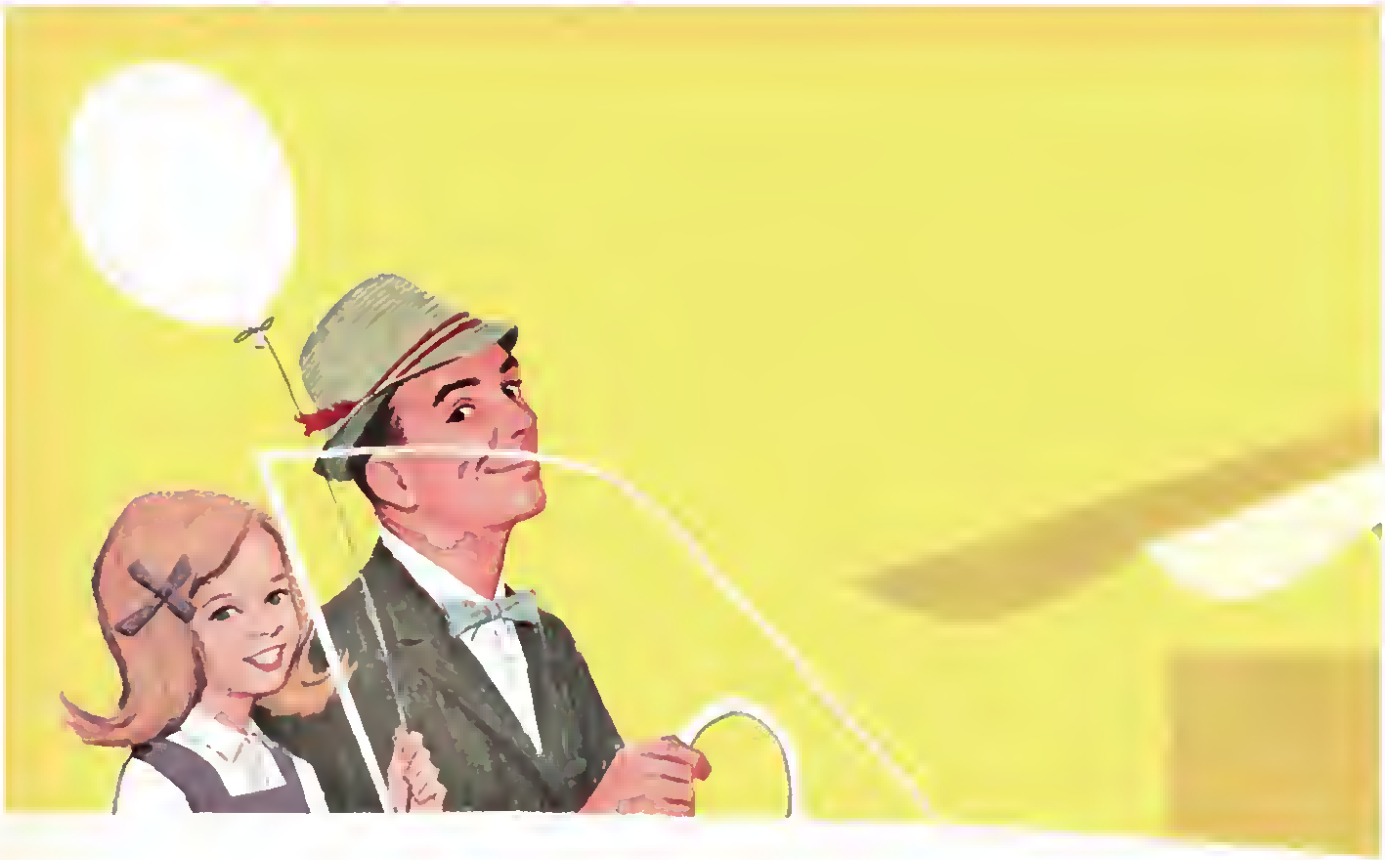
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WHEN THE FUN IS IN THE GOING... GO

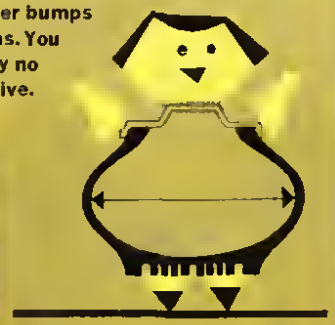
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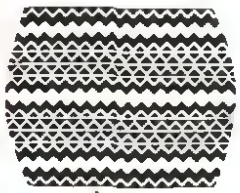
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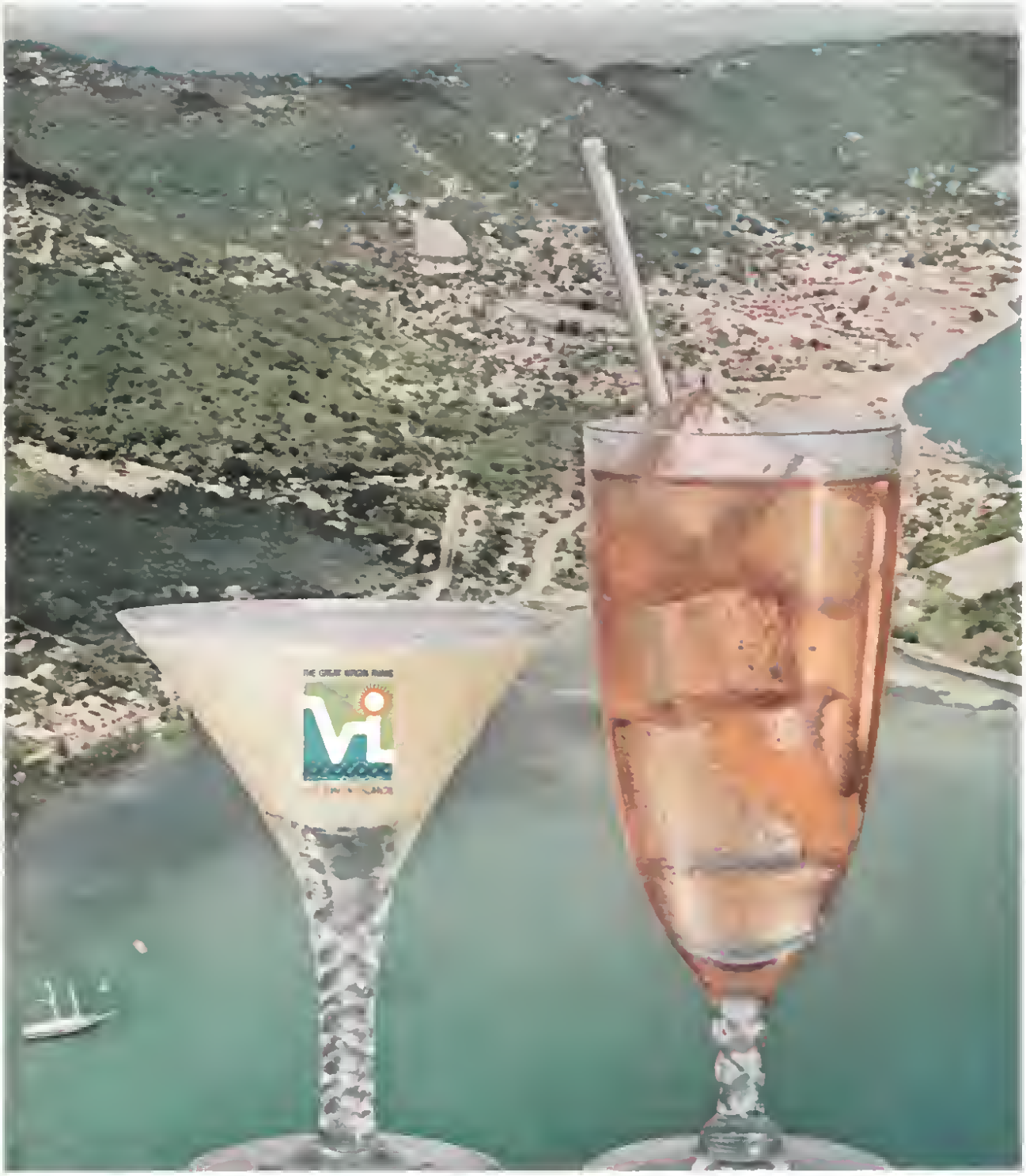
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any notable respect since it was designed by John M. Browning in 1894. Says Drexler, "It has the Yankee qualities found in a Seth Thomas clock—a Spartan, straightforward trimness." More than 2.5 million Winchester 94 rifles have been sold.

To many fly-fishermen, the finest rod is one of split bamboo, and the finest bamboo rod is made by the Charles F. Orvis Co. There are 14 rodmakers at this 106-year-old Vermont shop. Any one of them can machine a piece of bamboo that weighs only .06 ounce, on a milling machine weighing 5 tons, to 1/1000 of an inch. The six triangular pieces of bamboo, milled, cemented, impregnated with phenolic resin, their guides of tungsten steel hand-wrapped with silk and the butt set into a cork grip, become an expression of ultimate refinement for function's sake and a sporting tool of great beauty.

An economy of statement is also as important in the design of an object as is apparent effortlessness in a sporting endeavor. It is important in sport to have something do more than it seems capable of doing rather than less. Bill Boehmke's class E Skeeter iceboat, poised lightly under the exhibition's great tent, looks as fragile as a mosquito. Its thin runner planks sprout from its clean fuselage of Sitka spruce. Yet under only 75 square feet of sail the Skeeter goes three to four times as fast as the wind.

Ernest Schweizer's all-metal sailplane has a wingspan of 52 feet 8 inches and a length of 20 feet 10 inches, yet weighs only 560 pounds. This model holds the world's soaring altitude record of 46,267 feet. And George Pocock's one-man racing scull of Washington and Alaskan cedar and spruce is 26 feet long and weighs only 30 pounds.

Stanley Bogdan's salmon fly reel *(see color)* is such a simple thing that it can be taken apart by loosening three screws with a dime. Bogdan works all alone in his machine shop in New Hampshire, making each part of every beautiful reel, turning the frame and spool from a solid aluminum bar. Until two years ago Bogdan worked as a machinist by day, making reels at night. But Abercrombie & Fitch discovered him, and now he works full time, producing only 75 to 100 reels a year.

Not all good design for sport is confined to the clean grace of sailboats and skis, rods and reels. any more than all modern sculpture is as streamlined as a Brancusi fish. The brutal and the rugged are just as appropriate to some of sport's great objects as they are to a Picasso iron goat. The competition crossbow made by Anton Rüegg in Steinhausen, Switzerland, is a thing of extraordinary power—and it looks it. Drexler's description of it could be a description of an abstract sculpture: "The flat planes of its steel spring and barrel, accented by the precise small scale of sights and trigger, grow out of polished carved wood stock and grip, whose forms derive from the shapes of a bowman's hand and shoulder."

Ice hockey affords another example: roughness is an integral part of the game, and its gear, both in the way it looks and the way it works, reflects this prime characteristic. Similarly, a lacrosse stick, another powerful weapon for a rugged game, is aptly crude in its use of leather thongs and gut, beautiful in the way the laminated hickory of its frame is shaped, with planes that change direction as the handle turns to form the bentwood scoop of the basket's rim.

The paraphernalia of golf, while intrinsically handsome, is at the same time among the most controversial in all of sport. It (continued)

ranges from the voodoo of its practice gadgetry to the clean straightforwardness of Ben Hogan's Exact Balance putter or a Tommy Armour wood. In the rules of the game considerable latitude is given to the design of a putter, and this accounts for the 2,000 different models on the market. Woods and irons, on the other hand, are more strictly defined—and makers of clubs, in consequence, tend to overdecorate their products in order to catch the eye of the buyer. They change the color of the "homogeneous mass" of plastic inserted in the persimmon-wood head. They shift the design of painted lines that are meant to define the club's "sweet spot," trade talk for the point of address. The decorations change every year, whether the basic club does or not. "It's like the auto industry," says one manufacturer. "Our pro shops don't want to have last year's stock hanging around any more than a Ford dealer does."

Golf also decorates its equipment with "magic words"—the expensively purchased names of the famous professionals who endorse clubs, balls and everything connected with the game. The sales managers who commit these minor subterfuges are working on the strong attachment sportsmen feel for their gear, the pride of possession—plus the identification with his hero that a Little Leaguer feels for his Roger Maris bat or a golfer feels for his Tommy Armour clubs. In the eyes of the museum, these fetishistic feelings get out of hand when they prompt the maker of *a fine shotgun to engrave the blue steel with* images of the quarry the gun is designed to kill. Many a lover of guns will disagree here with the museum's insistence on purity: to most gun collectors the elaborate checkering on the stock, the engraving on the fine blue steel, add to the beauty of the gun.

It will be a long time before a first-rate shotgun, decorated or not, becomes obsolete. But because of improved materials and methods of manufacture this is not true of many sporting objects today. Spalding's new soccer ball, for example, uses vulcanized rubber seams instead of stitching. Plastic coatings have tripled the life of bowling pins while maintaining the old solid-maple bounce. "The surfboard industry has been as revolutionized by the advent of polyurethane foam and fiber glass as the aircraft industry by the jet," says Hobie Alter, the West Coast's leading boardmaker.

Fiber glass is causing the biggest change of all. More than 90% of all fishing rods are now made of it. They range in price and quality from the $3 drugstore variety to such excellent high-priced rods as those made by Sila-Flex, a company that also manufactures fiber-glass vaulting poles and golf club shafts. Fiber glass eventually will relegate split bamboo poles, with their cherished craftsmanship, to the category of collector's items. Golf club shafts of fiber glass and "woods" with plastic heads have been introduced or are being tested by almost every manufacturer.

But no matter what changes occur, whether boats are powered by jets or the "sweet spot" shifts again or extruded titanium replaces fiber glass, one thing will remain as constant as it has been since the first Greek tossed the first javelin. The pursuit of excellence will continue *to challenge designers to create sporting goods*, like those on the preceding and following pages, that properly challenge the man.

The baroque curves of this Swiss-made Hämmerli target pistol are carved of walnut to fit the hand and steady the grip of a contestant.





The contours of turned-maple Indian clubs, like the Rawlings one-pounders (right), invite handling and twirling. The similar silhouette of the Brunswick bowling pin is a derivation of 5th century German "Kegel," or twirling clubs, which were often used as targets for bowls. The shape of bowling pins, standardized in 1895, is slim at the top—which made it easier for pinboys to set them up quickly. The broad base makes the pins carom rather than tumble when hit by the ball. The plastic and fiber-glass globe of the sleek Bell-Toptex racing driver's helmet protects the skull with a cradling inner shell while the outer shell stands comfortably free from the face, providing good visibility through a bulbous snap-on shield.

The English firm of Hardy truly defines a fine fishing reel as one strong in construction and simple in design. It should have the fewest possible working parts consistent with efficiency and be as light as possible consistent with strength. The Museum of Modern Art has selected the four reels below as those that not only meet these requirements but are particularly beautiful as well: an Orvis 100 spinning reel, Hardy's Zenith fly reel, Bogdan's salmon reel and Shakespeare's Executive casting reel. The sailor's knife at the left, the Curry lockspike, was chosen because of the way all of its stainless steel parts—the blade, marlinspike and case—combine into a workmanlike whole.









MUSEUM CHOICES

All of the objects selected by The Museum of Modern Art for its exhibition are listed below. Those photographed in color in this story are starred. Unless the designer's name appears in parentheses, the object is a company design.

1. Arrow. Model A-51, Bear Archery Co., Grayling, Mich. $2
2. Arrow. Model Fox 151, Bear Co. 75¢.
3. Baseball. National League model, A. G. Spalding, Chicopee, Mass. $3.25.*
4. Baseball bat (Pete Browning and John A. Hillerich, 1884). Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville. $4.70.
5. Baseball bat (Ty Cobb and company design, 1908). Hillerich & Bradsby. $4.70.
6. Baseball bat (Stan Musial and company design, 1953). Hillerich & Bradsby. $4.70.
7. Baseball bat (Roger Maris and company design, 1960). Hillerich & Bradsby. $4.70.
8. Bicycle. Model DL22AW, Raleigh Industries, Ltd., Nottingham, England. $63.65.
9. Boat, folding type. Aerius Flagship, Hans Klepper Corp., Rosenhaim, West Germany. $349.
10. Boat, MiniSail (Ian Proctor). Richmond Marine, Ltd., Richmond, England. About $335.
11. Boat, round. Yamaha Motor Co., Hamamatsu, Japan. $1,995.
12. Bobsled (Alvarado Podar). Two-man model, Alvarado Podar, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy. $1,250.

Two of the simplest shapes in the exhibition are found in two of the oldest designs for sport—a discus and a javelin.



13. Boomerangs, nonreturning types (native design). Central Australia.
14. Boomerangs, returning types (native design). Central Australia.
15. Bow (Bill Stewart). Kodiak Special, Bear Archery Co. $74.95.
16. Bowling pin. Brunswick Corp., Chicago. $52.50 for set of 10.*
17. Boxing head protector. Model 585, Leonhard Erhard Sohne, Rothenburg, West Germany. $6.50.
18. Boxing speed bag. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Ill. $17.50.
19. Boxing training gloves. Model H1152, Wilson. $28.



20. Canoe, inflatable. Single-seater model, Pirelli, Milan. $50.
21. Car, Formula Junior (Colin Chapman). Model 20D, Lotus of England. $5,900. Lent by Dutchess Auto Co., Millerton, N.Y.*
22. Catcher's mask. Model FCM, Rawlings Manufacturing Co., St. Louis. $21.
23. Catcher's mask. Model JM, Rawlings. $13.95.
24. Catcher's mask (C. Hagemeyer). Model OV42, Rawlings. $10.95.
25. Catcher's mask. Model A3004, Wilson. $21.
26. Catcher's mitt (R. Latina). Model RL, Rawlings. $45.
27. Court tennis racket. Bancroft Sporting Goods Co., Pawtucket, R.I. $22.50.
28. Cricket bat. Model 9000, Slazengers Ltd., London. $19.95.
29. Cricket gloves. Model 3122, Slazengers. $14.95 a pair.
30. Crossbow. Anton Rüegg, Steinhausen, Switzerland. $150.
31. Curling stone. Made in Scotland for John Braidwood & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. $70 a pair.
32. Dart board. Nodor model, made by Dunlop of England for Haecker Industries, Philadelphia. $25.
33. Discus. Made in Sweden for Sports Beconta, Inc., New York City. $12.95.*
34. Engine outboard (E. C. Kiekhaefer). Mercury Mark 75-H, Kiekhaefer Corp., Fond du Lac, Wis. $1,200.
35. Fencing mask. Model FMA, Castello Fencing Co., New York City. $9.*
36. Fencing saber. Model SN, Castello. $12.
37. Field hockey stick. Imperial Driver model, Slazengers. $14. (continued)

DESIGN for SPORT continued

38 Fielder's glove Model A2001, Wilson $40
39 First baseman's mitt (R Latina). Model TMH, Rawlings $39.95
40 Fish landing net Model 11, Charles F. Orvis Co., Manchester, Vt. $10 25
41 Fishing reel Salmon fly model, Stanley Bogdan, Nashua, N H $130.*
42 Fishing reel, salmon fly (W F. Hardy). Zenith model, Hardy Bros., Ltd., Alnwick, England. $29 50 *
43 Fishing reel, spinning Model 100,



Made in Italy for Orvis. $28 95.*
44. Fishing reel, casting (Henry G. Shakespeare). Model 1992, Shakespeare Co., Kalamazoo, Mich $45 *
45. Fishing rod, bamboo fly. Model 30715, Orvis. $145.
48 Fishing rod, Fiberglas spinning (Herb Jenks) Model PT70, Sila-Flex, Costa Mesa, Calif. $69 50.
47 Football. Model F1100, Wilson. $23 50.
48 Golf club Tommy Armour No. 3 wood, MacGregor Co., Cincinnati. $26.
49. Golf putter (Ben Hogan) Model P102, Ben Hogan Co. Division of AMF, Fort Worth $15.
50 Golf putter (Ben Hogan) Model P107, Ben Hogan Co. $14
51. Gun, superposed 12-gauge (John M Browning). Made in Belgium for Browning Arms Co., St. Louis. $315.
52 Gymnastic buck Sportarticles Co., Helsinki. $61 FOB Helsinki.
53 Helmet, racing driver's (Roy Richter and Frank Heacox). Model 500TX, Bell-Toptex, Inc., Bell, Calif. $37 *
54 Helmet shield for above. Model 235-3, Paulson Mfg. Co. Fallbrook, Calif $5 50.*
55. Hurling stick The O'Doherty Co., Dublin $4.
56. Hurling ball Made in Ireland for P. J. Grimes, New York City. $3
57. Hydroplane (Ted Jones). Model FX, Ted Jones Craft, Inc., Seattle. $995.
58 Ice ax Designed and made by Fratelli Grivel, Italy for Trailwise, Berkeley, Calif. $16.75.
59. Iceboat. Side-by-side Class E Skeeter, designed and made by Bill Boehmke, Crystal Lake, Ill. $1,800. Lent by William Hickey.
60 Ice hockey elbow pad Model EK25, Cooper-Weeks, Ltd., Toronto. $15.
61 Ice hockey glove Model 544, Stall & Dean, Brockton, Mass $39.
62. Ice hockey goalie catching mitt. Model GM10X, Cooper-Weeks. $29 50.
63 Ice hockey goalie leg guard. Model GP59, Cooper-Weeks. $85 a pair
64. Ice hockey goalie stick Model 401, Northland Ski Mfg. Co., St. Paul $6
65 Ice hockey goalie stick mitt Model 570GS, Stall & Dean $28 *
66. Ice hockey shinguard. Model DG42, Cooper-Weeks $22 50
67 Ice hockey stick. Model 403G, Northland. $4 75.
68 Ice speed skates (I. Ballangrud). Model Ving 100, Wilhelm Rosenvinge,



Moss, Norway. $35.
69 Indian clubs, one-pound models Designed and made by Holbrook Company for Rawlings $7 95 a pair *
70 Jai alai cesta Designed and made by José Echava, Guernica, Spain $25
71 Javelin, man's Seefab, Sweden. Imported by Sports Beconta, New York City. $14 75.
72 Javelin, woman's Seefab, imported by Sports Beconta $13.75.*
73. Kite, water ski Race & Race, Inc., Winter Haven, Fla. $237.
74 Knife-ax set (Harvey Platts). F6610, Western Cutlery Co., Boulder, Colo $9 75
75. Knife, hunting (Deane Russell). Russell Belt model, Grohmann Knives, Ltd., Pictou, N.S. $9 95.



76. Knife, fishing. Model 1010, designed and made by Angelo Patin, Maniago, Italy. 80¢.
77. Knife and lockspike, sailing. Model 468, made in England for The Crow's Nest, New York City. $5.95 *
78. Knife, throwing. Edwin Jay Co., Solingen, West Germany. $2.75
79. Lacrosse stick, attack. H. J. Gray & Sons, Cambridge, England, for Alex Taylor, Inc., New York City. $17.95.
80. Pistol, target. Model 103, Hammerli Ltd., Lenzburg, Switzerland. $160 *
81. Polo mallet. Model 8, Salter & Sons, Aldershot, England for Miller's, New York City. $8.50
82. Rifle, lever-action repeating (John M. Browning). Model 94, Winchester-Western Division of Olin Mathieson, New Haven, Conn. $83.95
83. Rugby ball. Victory model, Slazengers. $12.95.
84. Saddle, hunting. Model 488. J. Stubben, Krefeld, West Germany, for Miller's, New York City. $199.50
85. Saddle, leather jockey. Hermès, Paris. $118.35.
86. Saddle, patent leather jockey. Model 2194. Miller's, New York City. $110.
87. Saddle, horse show. Hermès, Paris. $193.35
88. Sailplane (Ernest Schweizer). Model I-23H, Schweizer Aircraft Corp., Elmira, N.Y. $5,795.
89. Scull, single racing. Designed and made by George Pocock, Seattle. $550.
90. Shuttlecocks. Pennsylvania Sporting Goods Co., Philadelphia. 20¢ to $1.
91. Ski poles (Howard Head). Head Ski Co., Timonium, Md. $24.50.
92. Skis, cross-country wood (N. Bonna). Competition model, Lommedal Skifabrikk, Oslo. $30.
93. Skis, fiber glass (Franz Kneissl). White Star model, Kneissl Skifabrik, Kufstein, Austria. $195
94. Skis, metal (Howard Head). Standard model, Head Ski Co. $98.50
95. Snowshoes, racing. Model 12x36, Snocraft, Norway, Me. $25.
96. Snowshoes, walking. Model Bearpaw, Snocraft. $32.
97. Soccer ball. Last-Bilt model, Spalding. $24.95.
98. Sulky, harness racing. Model 21927. The Houghton Sulky Co., Marion, Ohio. $445 *
99. Surfboard, balsa and fiber glass (Hobie Alter). Expert model, Hobie Surfboards, Dana Point, Calif. $150
100. Surfboard, polyurethane and fiber glass (Greg Noll). Model 859, Greg Noll Surfboards, Hermosa Beach, Calif. $164
101. Table tennis paddle. Model 7, Ju Rapida, Treviso, Italy. $2.60.
102. Targets, archery. Saunders Archery Target Company, Columbus, Neb. 20¢ to $3.50 each.*
103. Tent (C. William Moss). A-Tent model, Powers and Co., River Forest, Ill. $89.95
104. Tent (Robert Blanchard). Two-man Polaris Alpine model, Eureka Tent and Awning Co., Binghamton, N.Y. $81.90.
105. Toboggan (Donald Peters). Model 2907, F. D. Peters Co., Inc., Gloversville, N.Y. $23.
106. Underwater boots. Model SDB1, W. J. Voit Rubber Co. Division of AMF, Los Angeles. $4.95 a pair.
107. Underwater fins. Nemrod 6022HL, The Seamless Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn. $10.95.





108. Underwatar hood. Nemrod 6231, Seamless. $4.
109. Underwater mask. Alfeo model, Pirelli. $3.50.
110. Underwater mask. Narvalo model, Pirelli. $2.
111. Underwater mask. Nemrod 6011Y, Seamless. $6.95
112. Underwater mask. 5049, U.S. Divars Co., Santa Ana, Calif. $5.95.
113. Underwater mitts. Model 3064, Non-Terfoam, U.S. Divers. $4.
114. Underwater sling gun. Model 4006, U.S. Divers. $4.95.
115. Water ski. Joe Cash slalom, Hedlund Mfg. Co., Nokomis, Ill. $27.50.



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THE BIGGEST DADDY OF THEM ALL

Adios! This mighty stud has sired an unequaled number of harness champions, and he has earned unprecedented millions

by ***KENNETH RUDEEN***

To some harness horsemen, Adios is merely the greatest of standardbred sires. To his extreme admirers, however, this 22-year-old patriarch is the mightiest father of all the mammals, past or present. Really far-out Adios buffs such as James C. Harrison of Pennsylvania's giant standardbred nursery, The Hanover Shoe Farms, throw in the fish and the birds.

"I know of no male of any species," says Harrison, "who has dominated his field the way Adios has harness racing. He gets champions out of any mares, by any stallions, out of any bloodlines."

Since Hanover Shoe happens to own a one-third share of Adios, Harrison is perhaps a touch biased. But he, and anyone else who goes to the record, can justify all extravagant superlatives.

Take Adios' achievements in the Messenger Stake, the richest harness race of all. His offspring have won four of the six Messengers so far, twice finishing one, two, three. Next Friday's $169,000 Messenger at Roosevelt Raceway will make special news for horsemen only if the sons of Adios get whipped. There are three Adios 3-year-olds in the race, including the redoubtable Lehigh Hanover. "When you get the Adioses to the head of the stretch," says Stanley Dancer, the New Jersey reinsman who drives Lehigh, "they dig in and go."

Because they do so in large numbers and with fantastic consistency, new glory accrues to Adios every year. As things stand now, this bold-eyed, smallish, symmetrically formed stallion has:

- Led the sire list in earnings by his sons and daughters for seven consecutive years, topping the No. 1 Thoroughbred sire the last four years as well (although flat-racing purses add up to three times the amount raced for by standardbreds).
- Accumulated 10-year earnings of $10,099,726 by his get—a figure more than twice that of his leading contenders, Rodney and Hoot Mon.
- Sired the absolute speed record holder for harness racing's standard one-mile distance, Adios Butler, whose mark is 1:54 3/5 and who has just entered the stud at a fancy $3,000 service fee.
- Sired the world record holder at ages 2 and 3, Bullet Hanover, whose clockings are 1:57 and 1:55 3/5, respectively.
- Sired 52 performers who have been timed in two minutes or less. (Timed speed is far more important in harness racing than in flat racing, and two minutes for the mile is par; two-minute horses automatically join the sport's elite. Nearest to Adios in two-minute

continued

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production is the late, much esteemed Volomite, with 33 performers).

• Sired the highest-priced standardbred yearling, Dancer Hanover ($105,000 in 1958). Only two racehorses, both Thoroughbreds, have brought more as yearlings. They are a Swaps-Obedient colt ($130,000 in 1961) and England's Sayajirao, for whom the Maharaja of Baroda paid $117,600 in 1945.

• Earned a million dollars, before taxes, for Driver-Trainer Delvin Glenn Miller, the incomparable horseman who picked up Adios for $21,000 in 1948. This is above and beyond the $500,000 for which Miller sold him in 1955 to Hanover. After the capital gains tax, the sale left Miller with a juicy lump sum of $375,000.

Shortly after selling Adios, who had never left his farm, Miller repurchased a one-third interest for $166,666. The Pennsylvania road contractor and horseman, Max Hempt, also bought in for a third. Hanover already has collected $1,307,500 in Adios yearling sales for its one-third share. Even if Adios dies after the current breeding season (he is in excellent health), Hanover stands to earn nearly $1 million more from the three Adios crops on their way to the sales and then the races. Hempt also has made a massive profit, as has Miller.

All this is remarkable enough, but perhaps the most arresting aspect of the Adios story is that horses of his gait were the humble proletariat of harness racing not so very long ago. Adios is a pacer, as are most of his offspring. They move by lifting both legs on one side simultaneously, then those on the other, and so on. (The other light-harness gait, and until recently the proud and dominant one, is the trotting gait. Trotters lift the left front and right rear legs at the same time, then the right front and left rear legs.)

Two hundred years ago George Washington lent his aristocratic presence to a pacing race at Accotink, near Mount Vernon. He entered a horse and paid a jockey 12 shillings to ride—not drive—him (these were saddle horses). When in the 19th century the pacer was hitched to cart and sulky, "his loss of vogue was immense and immediate," according to the late John Hervey, the foremost historian of trotting.

"No gentleman drives a pacer," sneered the bloods who flashed over the

continued



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roads of the Atlantic seaboard behind the smart, jaunty trotters who were the forerunners of today's standardbred racers. This dictum, though watered down as years passed, forced second-class status upon the pacer until after World War II, but now the tables are turned. The new, postwar breed of owners like pacers very much, because they can hang a pair of hobbles on them and get them racing without all the fine, expensive tuning trotters require.

Moreover, the pacing strain seems to be a dominant one in breeding. A trotter-bred sire often produces pacers, pacers rarely father trotters. Today the pacer is king—outnumbering the trotter two to one on the racecourses—and nothing better epitomizes his climb than the career of Adios. Bred in Indiana by the late Leo C. McNamara, Adios was sold for $2,000 as a yearling to one Thomas Thomas, a Cleveland meat dealer. If the colt's pedigree was not quite classic it was a good, solid one, stemming in male line from Leland Stanford's trotter, Electioneer, a son of the fabled Hambletonian. Adios' sire was Hal Dale, whose name reflects a splash of the blood of the Tennessee pacing Hals, and his dam was Adioo Volo, a daughter of the immense trotting-bred pacer Adioo Guy (2:00¾).

As a racehorse, Adios was one of the two finest pacers of his day, the other being King's Counsel. It was wartime, and they paced for everything but money. In four years and a fraction Adios started 88 races, won 44 and earned precisely $33,329, although he set six world records.

His finest performance was in Lexington, Ky. in 1944. There, at 4, he outpaced King's Counsel in two straight heats, each in 1:58¼. The cumulative time lowered a two-heat world record of 30 years' standing.

Adios was driven at 2 and 3 by the late Rupert Parker. Falling ill in the spring when Adios was 4, Parker handed the horse over to Frank Ervin, who found the pickings paltry. "When the horse was 5 I could only get two races for him," recalls Ervin, who has since become famous as a colt trainer. "We went for $1,200 at Goshen and $1,000 at Lexington, and we couldn't get another blessed race. There just wasn't any money for fast-class pacers in those days. Oh, yes, we did get $500 for lowering the track record at Du Quoin, Illinois from two minutes to 1:57½, against time.

"It was a shame, because Adios was grand-looking and great-gaited, with a very high flight of speed. His only fault was that he raced better on the front end than behind. Coming from behind he'd sometimes get lapped on the leader and just hang there and sulk. But when he was cuttin' out all the pace he was awful hard to catch."

Ervin tried to peddle Adios for Thomas at Lexington, in 1945, asking $7,500 but finding no takers. During the winter, though, he sweet-talked the late Harry Warner, eldest of Hollywood's Warner Brothers, and a West Coast textile man named L. K. Shapiro into buying the horse for $16,500.

Ervin raced Adios three times as a 6-year-old at Santa Anita, where Warner and Shapiro were among the organizers of a harness race meeting. The second time out, Adios set a world record of 1:44 for the seldom-raced distance of seven furlongs. The next week he was defeated. As Ervin recalls the aftermath, Warner was critical. Ervin quit him, and Driver Neal Boardman guided Adios in his next and last race, which he narrowly won in cheap company after starting with a 130-foot handicap. Adios was trained at 7 and 8 and booked to a few nondescript mares in those years, but he raced no more. During 1948 Warner and Shapiro decided to disband their standardbred stable, and Adios went into the auction ring in Lexington in the fall of the year.

Here entered Del Miller. There probably never has been a man to equal Miller as an all-round harness horseman. He is affable, he is shrewd and it detracts nothing from his fame to say that he also

continued

ADIOS' REMARKABLE STUD CAREER

	EARNINGS OF HIS GET	DASHES WON	2 MINUTE HORSES*
1951	$ 30,802	25	0
1952	141,013	55	2
1953	267,664	134	3
1954	537,174	236	3
1955	732,186	378	4
1956	1,115,953	473	3
1957	1,166,030	464	2
1958	1,439,208	549	5
1959	1,499,447	534	7
1960	1,648,292	474	10
1961	1,552,759	544	13
Totals	$10,130,528	3,866	52

* *Year of horse's best time*



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THIRTEEN PRIVATE AIRCRAFT...

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is very lucky. Adioses do not fall to unlucky men.

In 1948 Miller was private trainer for W. N. Reynolds of the Carolina tobacco people (Camel cigarettes). Miller had bought a 360-acre dairy farm in Meadow Lands, a drab little town in the hilly bituminous coal country of southwestern Pennsylvania. He wanted to start breeding harness horses on his own. Above all, he needed a superior stallion.

As all horsemen know, picking stallions is like drilling for oil. You can't tell in advance whether you will bring in a gusher or hit a duster. Miller sought expert advice from the man whose counsel he most respected—the late H. M. (Doc) Parshall, a first-rate driver-trainer who was also a veterinarian.

"Buy Adios," advised Doc Parshall. "Look back at his dams. This horse is going to sire great fillies, and that will make his chances all the better."

Miller, who had seen and admired Adios as a racehorse, became obsessed with the idea of buying him. But he had just $5,000 in the bank: the horse might sell for anything from $10,000 to $50,000.

One angel who had promised to back Miller deserted him on the very morning of the sale. A second angel materialized, however, in Duke Kelly, a used-car dealer pal of Miller's who had flown to Lexington with him from Winston-Salem.

At ringside that night, among others, were Lawrence B. Sheppard, the master of Hanover Shoe Farms, who then had no designs on Adios ("The horse had been buried out in California"). Frank Ervin, who did; and a mysterious character in levis and cowboy boots.

"There was a lot of bidding on Adios up to $10,000," Miller recalls, "and then it seemed to hang there. I said, '$10,100.' All of a sudden it pops up to $11,000. I look around to see who's bidding against me, and there's this guy who looks like a cowboy. We go along like that, with me raising the price a hundred every time he jumps to the next thousand. When he gets to 20 thousand I hold up one finger, meaning $20,100.

"George Swinehroad, the auctioneer, says, 'I have $21,000,' and now the cowboy quits and I own Adios. But I was pretty mad about getting soaked for the extra $900 and I raised a fuss. The auction people offered to send him back through the ring. I said, 'No, thanks, I guess I'll keep the horse.'"

The cowboy, it developed, had been sent to the sale by Harry Warner to protect Adios to $20,000. It is Frank Ervin's recollection that he was in the bidding to $14,000. He hadn't wanted to go above

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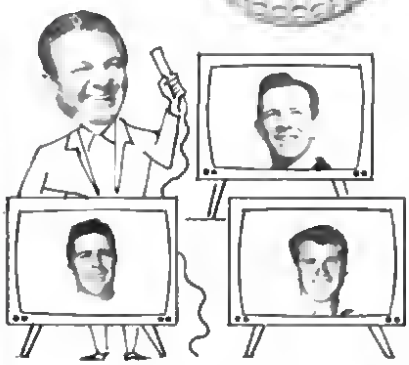


PROUD OWNER Del Miller backed hunch that Adios would be a great sire with borrowed $21,000 in 1948. Del has made $1.5 million, with more riches coming from one-third share he retains.

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$10,000 but "got fiddling around" because he and another horseman wanted to stand Adios in Kentucky.

Adios was a hit from the start. From his very first crop of California-bred foals came the two-minute pacer Prince Adios. Miller scuffled mightily to find decent mares for Adios at the then somewhat steep service fee of $300, but he often had to settle for mediocre ones. Thus it was with the produce of ordinary matrons that Adios began to make his reputation. Breeders speak of "nicks," or the affinity of one bloodline for another. "Adios didn't nick with those mares," says one horseman, "he overwhelmed them."

In dazzling and unparalleled succession came the great sons and daughters of Adios: Adios Boy and Adios Betty, Adios Harry (1.55¹) and Dottie's Pick; the Butler, the Bullet and the marvelous free-legged mare Countess Adios—boys and girls together, overrunning the classic colt races and the now-rich free-for-alls in a stupefying display of speed and stamina.

Adios leads a comfortable life at Miller's Meadow Lands Farm, but one devoid of show place plush. His large and airy stall is at one corner of a plain wooden barn. He spends a great deal of time listening to the light classical FM music piped into the barn, standing quietly, with his glistening, finely crested neck held low toward the horizontal and his magnificent head still. Sloping away below the barn is his private paddock, where he sports when the weather is fine. It contains an apple tree, and Adios sometimes nibbles the windfalls.

Although still remarkably handsome at 22 (he'll be living on borrowed time after 25), Adios is beginning to show his age in white hairs among the bay on his forehead and in a noticeable decline in energy. He once covered as many as 70 mares in a season. This year it is 45, next year it will be fewer. For the outside mare owners who can get to him, his service fee is $12,500—the highest ever, except for a few private deals, for any sire.

Adios has everyone's awe, but there has been no greater tribute to his eminence than this, from E. Roland Harriman, probably the sport's most respected senior citizen and a trotting-oriented man who despises hobbles and will not own a hobbled pacer:

"Adios is out of this world. I am glad that I have lived long enough to see him produce." END

Bloody nose for a boat race

Poor starting arrangements and an overdeveloped drive for publicity are turning the country's best powerboat race into a nasty scramble

The start of this year's 180-mile Miami-Nassau powerboat race was a mess. The plan was to send off the 48 ocean-racing entries in six evenly spaced rows. The start was to be about 7 a.m. at the end of Government Cut. That was the plan, and at 5.30 a.m. the fastest collection of sea-going powerboats ever assembled began moving across Biscayne Bay to carry it out.

As the boats turned into Government Cut on the final run out toward the start, the six rows formed up and then suddenly began to go ragged. The race committee neglected to enforce any distance specifications between rows, and naturally a few in the ruck began cutting the distance. Then someone on the starter's boat casually dropped the starting flag, and engines roared to top rpm.

The spectators along the MacArthur Causeway danced to dry ground as the wash of the wakes, unheard above the rumble of boats, flopped along the shore. Also unheard along the shore was the splintering of a hull, as a Coast Guard entry, patrol boat No. 30490, slipped down a wave and collided with Jack Manson's *X8 Allied GX*, a 40-footer. No. 30490 survived the crash but later withdrew from the race with engine trouble. Manson, despite 14 feet of stove-in hull, managed to continue. If the damage had been a foot lower, *GX* would have sunk in Government Cut. At about the same time Jim Wynne's 25-footer, moving through the jam of boats at some 40 mph, hit the gunwale of an out-of-control rival but managed to get through the rest of the race.

The others began stretching across the still, calm surface of the Gulf Stream. Cat Cay, 44 nautical miles away, was the first check point, and 52 minutes after the start Dave Craig's *AOKwynn*, first boat to enter the comma-shaped channel running between Gun and Cat Cay, charged into the dock to pick up the necessary papers for Nassau entrance—and then resolutely died of electrical failure. Next came Mechanic Howard Hibbert, through the channel and past the docks; an engine blew, his crankshaft snapped. Four-time winner Sam Griffith, the red hat he wears for luck flapping, coasted into Cat Cay in third place. He banged the dock at 10 miles an hour, grabbed his Nassau papers and gunned away through the shallows of Great Bahama Bank, suddenly in first place. Griffith looked down at the tachometers: 5,000 rpm. He looked over the stern. One boat was in sight, 600 yards behind him, Johnny Bakos' 25-footer, powered by twin 225-hp Mercury engines.

Griffith looked again at his controls: 4,700 rpm. Now Bakos was in his wake coming up slowly. Griffith dropped to 4,500. Ocean water from the cooling system was leaking through a small crack in his port engine block. The gap between the boats dropped to 100 yards, then 100 feet. With 50 feet between them, Griffith called for a can of beer. His co-skipper (and the builder of his boat), Dick Bertram, handed him a Coke. Griffith sipped it, spat it out—"I wanted a beer," he complained—and threw the can over the side. "That was my Coke," Bertram told him. "I was just giving you a sip." "Well, it's gone now," Griffith growled over the wind. Bakos' black-and-white hull slid past. "So's the race," Griffith added. He pulled off the lucky red hat and threw it overboard.

At 36 minutes and 20 seconds after 10 o'clock, to the sound of a cannon from the Nassau Yacht Club, Bakos barged across the finish line. His time: 3 hours, 42 minutes and 20 seconds—38 minutes faster than Griffith's record time last year. For Bakos it was a good victory, but it would have had more meaning had the ocean been rough enough to truly test his boat. For Griffith it was a defeat, but hardly a crushing one. "The breaks of racing," he explained later. "A man does what he has to do; if it don't work out, well there are always other races."

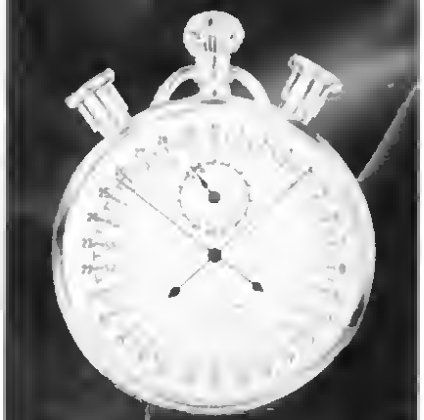
Hopefully, there will be no more races like this one. Despite the chaos, Race Chairman Red Crise saw no reason to change any of the rules. "I don't care how rough it was," he said. "I will not wet-nurse anyone." This completely ignored the fact that the thing to be proved in this race was not who had the sharpest elbows but who had the best seagoing powerboat hull and engine. Then the winner, Johnny Bakos, got himself a mysterious but very visible bloody nose. Visible, that is, until Bakos vanished—first under a security blanket of fellow employees of the Kiekhaefer Corporation, builder of his Mercury engines, and then from the town of Nassau altogether to hole up in the Airliner Motel back in Miami.



JOHNNY BAKOS SKIMS TO FIRST-PLACE FINISH AT NASSAU

Back in Nassau, Carl Kiekhaefer himself suffered the anguish of a corporation president whose engines won, getting him good publicity, but in the end wound up being heavily harassed by the press because of his attempts to wipe a bloody nose. And in all the foolishness probably the biggest bloody nose was suffered by the race itself. END

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BOXING / *Jack McKinney*

Can a man turn a whole town rotten in one night?

Sonny Liston believes the New York commission thinks so, but he says he has 'no hard feelings'

When the friend dropped in, Sonny Liston, the eye of the hurricane, was getting ready to leave Philadelphia for his training camp. He did not seem to want to talk about the refusal of the New York Athletic Commission to license him for a heavyweight championship fight with Floyd Patterson. But while his pal Raymond (Munsie) Munson helped pack the gear, Sonny slowly came out of his shell, as he almost always does. He disappeared into the basement, returned quietly and dropped an oversize, specially weighted work shoe into his visitor's lap, catching him unawares and nearly knocking the wind out of him.

"They weighs eight pounds each," Sonny announced, laughing at his practical joke. "I had 'em made special for running shoes. But there's too much strain on this muscle here [he patted the *biceps femoris* on the back of the thigh] to run in 'em. But walking in these shoes I get just as much good as running in regular work shoes."

Would this improve his wind? "Here's the wind down here," Liston said, patting his thigh and running his huge hand down alongside the calf. "If your legs is good, your wind is good."

Amenities over, he turned to the New York action. "I still think it's an unjustice," he said, "but fretting over it can't change it. When I started boxing, I never thought things like this could happen. To me, boxing was a sport—like baseball. When a man steps up to the plate, he either hits that ball or he don't. That's what he's judged on, not who he is or where he came from. Seems there's more politics than sport in boxing now."

His wife, Geraldine, interjected her own view on the New York ruling. "First it made me mad," she said, "but now I'm settled to it. Do they think Charles is so bad he can come in for just one night and turn the whole town rotten?" (Neither of the Listons—Mr. or Mrs.—discussed the heart of the New York reasoning: that Sonny is probably still connected in one financial way or another with the mobsters who used to control him, and that such elements "do not disengage easily." Some Philadelphians believe that if such under-the-table arrangements have been made Liston is not personally "in" on them. He is a fighter, others handle his business.)

Although Sonny professed indifference the day of the New York edict, Geraldine admitted that he was upset. He had received a telegram notifying him of the decision, without further explanation, but he had already heard the news on the car radio when he reached home.

Asked if things like this hurt his pride, Sonny said, "Some. But I gotta strong enough pride to take it. A man without strong pride has no business bein' a fighter. That's one thing I respects about Patterson. He got strong pride. Otherwise he wouldn't be fighting me.

"But things like this just give me more . . . more . . ."

"Incentive?"

"That's right, incentitive. When I gets to be champion I know I can change a lot of minds about me. I'm gonna be a good champ, a fighting champ and a friendly champ. They say Patterson's always kept to himself, that he's been hard to get to. I won't be like that. I'll speak to kids and go to banquets and all that stuff. I like to go to banquets. You can pick up new jokes that way.

"There's two ways to go in this life—the right way and the wrong way. I took the wrong way first and I paid for my mistake. Now I'm taking the right way and nothing's gonna change me."

The visitor quoted a newspaper story which had pointed out that Patterson usually has something going for him when he fights outside of New York—the eight-ounce gloves and mandatory eight-count in Miami Beach, his own imported referees in the bouts with Rademacher, London and McNeeley. Did Sonny fear a stacked deck?

"It wouldn't surprise me, and it wouldn't worry me," he said. "Patterson's champ now, so I guess he's entitled to bring in his own ref if he wants. Onliest thing I care about is that the ref knows how to count to 10."

"Now, Charles," Geraldine chided.

"You shouldn't talk like that, seein' as how nice Patterson has been, disagreeing with that commission and all that."

"What I say?" Sonny parried. "Just let the ref know how to count to 10, that's all. I didn't say nothin' about Patterson. Heck, the ref could be countin' over me, too, couldn't he?" Sonny turned his face aside, rolled his eyes up and grinned broadly at the impossibility of that suggestion. The visitor asked him how long he thought the fight would last.

"Three, four rounds," he said. "Unless he fools me and tries to box like some people think he might. I don't think he'll try to box. I expect him to start fightin' right off because of that strong pride of his. Who'd he ever try to box? Anyway, he don't have that much of a jab to box."

The cannon

Then he talked about his own jab, known among fighters as "the cannon." "I developed that jab myself," he said. "From the first it seemed the most natural thing to do was develop a good jab. Keep poppin' that jab right to the middle of the forehead and the other guy can't punch right because he's never got the balance to punch right. The middle of a fighter's forehead is just like a dog's tail. Cut off the tail and the dog goes all whichway cause he ain't got no more balance. It's the same with a fighter's forehead."

Would Sonny ever fight in New York if the commission declared him rehabilitated and fit, or would he spite New York?

"Sure, I'd fight there," he declared emphatically. "The commission ain't the peoples. I don't think I should hold it against the peoples there. I been to fights in New York and they never once asked me to take a bow in the ring, but when I walk to my seat the peoples stand up and clap and say encouragements to me. One night it musta took me 20 minutes to get outa the lobby in the Garden because they was so many peoples wantin' to shake my hand and give me encouragements.

"Somethin's happened to please me a lot the other day when I was over to the shopping center to pick up a picture for Gerry. I was sittin' in the car, ready to drive off from the store when a kid saw me and said, 'Hey, you're Sonny Liston.' 'Fore I knew it they was a whole gang of kids around the car, reachin' in the window and pattin' my shoulder and all that, and they was sayin' they knew I was gonna knock out Patterson and be a fighting champ. They was all white kids, too. When I was drivin' home, I felt all warm inside." **END**



SONNY AND GERALDINE LISTON AT HOME



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TEXAS SOUTHERN'S RAY SADDLER IS IN FULL STRIDE THOUGH LOOKING BACK AS HE TAKES THE BATON FROM WESLEY BLACKMAN

The battle to win the thinking man's race

Superspeed and conflicting strategy portend great competition in a year when college relay teams have never looked better

During the running of a mile relay at Walnut, Calif. the other day an Arizona State man was bumped as he was attempting to hand off the baton. He spiked his teammate, who then had to run 440 yards with a ripped shoe and a wound that later required three stitches. But so fast is Arizona State that it still set a collegiate record in the race.

At about the same time in Des Moines, Texas Southern University runners were setting two meet records while winning the mile and three other events, but were disappointed—in previous meets this year they always have swept all six.

And in the east that day New York University was upsetting Abilene Christian's excellent team, which had won the Texas Relays. These are four of the truly great college relay teams in the country. There are five others that may be of the same caliber: Oregon State, the University of Southern California, Colorado, Missouri and Oklahoma State. What the nine add up to in the forthcoming relay carnivals and the national championships is an unprecedented season for relay running. Starting with the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles on May 18, various combinations of these teams are going to be facing each other week after week; the winner may well prove the race goes not to the swift but to the smart.

"The problem," according to Phog Allen, who founded the Kansas Relays before he became a famous basketball coach, "is that the baton puts teamwork into foot racing." To a sport normally limited to a runner contending alone against himself, the clock and the field, it brings strategy, psychology and team play. It is a large order to make a team out of four men who, by the fact that they have decided to compete in track, have indicated that they are individualists.

The coaches of two of the top mile relay teams have approached this problem as individualistically as their athletes approach running. The fastest team so far is Arizona State, coached by a pleasant, chunky man with a thick head of black hair who is called Baldy. He is Senon Castillo, the coach at Arizona State. Once, when he was young, he had a small bald spot on the top of his head for a few weeks, a tall friend named him Baldy and the nickname has remained, though the spot has not.

Castillo, a superficially uncomplicated man, maintains that the way to build the fastest mile relay team in U.S. history is to get the four fastest quarter-milers in the country and turn them loose. He professes to see no legerdemain in this event. But talk to him for a while and

you find that what he says and what he does are not necessarily the same.

"A perfectly run relay should provide four individual lap winners," says Castillo, rather obviously. When his team set the intercollegiate record at Mount San Antonio, in 3:07.5, that's what it did. Unless the passes are slower than those of a broken-armed quarterback, the team with the four fastest quarter-milers certainly will win.

When he talks about particulars, however, Castillo concedes that there is more to the mile relay than corralling the four best 440 men. For instance, he uses his slowest man on the first lap—a notion at variance with other coaches who have good mile relay teams.

"But Mike Barrick is a steady runner," Castillo says. "He gets you off to a good start. For the second lap (where most coaches use their slowest man, on the theory that he can't lose enough to hurt you this early in the race and may have been handed a comforting lead by your fast leadoff man) I use Henry Carr. He's a sprinter building up to the 440. He puts the pressure on quickly in the first 100 yards, and keeps it on."

Castillo likes a man in the No. 3 spot who can hold his own. (And one who apparently can run while spiked, which is what Ron Freeman did.) This is the kind of man most coaches want in the No. 2 position. For the anchor lap Castillo joins most coaches in simply using his fastest runner. For him, this is Ulis Williams, a dazzling quarter-miler who has run 46 flat out of the blocks. No U.S. runner has done better this year.

On times run so far, the toughest competition for Arizona State in the Coliseum Relays will come from Texas Southern. Stan Wright, who coaches the all-Negro Texas team, is almost as relaxed as Castillo in his approach, although he has suffered from tension recently because he has to buy a steak dinner for his relay teams each time they set a record. They have set 15 so far this season.

Unlike Castillo, Wright looks for precise characteristics in each runner on the team—both physical and psychological. "I figure my first runner has to be a boy who can meet a challenge," Stan says. "I use my third fastest runner here. He's got to have experience—and, naturally, he's got to have a good start.

"My No. 2 boy has got to be able to drive hard in the back stretch," Stan says, "though he may be the slowest of the four members of the team. I like to open a lead right there—on the second leg in the back stretch. Then I run my fastest quarter-milers on the third and fourth legs. They must be boys who have the psychological ability to run well when they are behind, just in case something has gone wrong on either one of the first two legs."

Wright is now using his fastest man, Ray Saddler, on the third leg of the relay, for two reasons.

You must look back

"Saddler can take a pass and he can hand off well," Wright says. "We use a visual pass in the mile relay, with the outgoing runner looking back at the man coming in. In the sprints we use a blind pass. The man getting the baton takes off, never looking back, because he assumes that the man bringing him the stick is going to catch him. But in the mile relay, at the end of a hard lap, a runner may be staggering all over the track and weak. So you've got to look back to find him." Saddler has run very few quarter miles this year that were not parts of relays. Many track experts think he may be the fastest of all the quarter-milers. He's a slim, oily-smooth runner with beautiful style, an ideal third man in Wright's conception of the mile relay team.

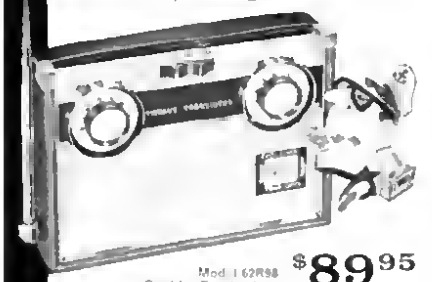
"My fourth boy, Lester Milburn, I've got to admire," Wright says. "He may not be the fastest, but he's got that faculty of seeming to run faster than he can when he has to. He won't let anyone pass him. And he comes from behind real well."

Wright has one final bit of strategy—he wants his runners to sprint immediately after taking the baton. "Say you have a five-yard lead. So you get five more right there before you hit the first turn," he says. "Most runners pace themselves right away, we sprint, open the lead, then they have to fight to catch us. It gives us an edge."

Although Arizona State and TSU will most likely be the first and second teams in the Coliseum Relays, others must be considered. Abilene Christian, USC and Oregon State can all run around 3:10 in the mile event. Whether any of them can stay close to Texas Southern and Arizona State, and perhaps find a telling bit of strategy of their own, is problematical. It seems sure, however, that the winner of the mile relay at the Coliseum will set a new record. In this day of slick passes and superspeed it takes a record time to win a relay. **END**

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The tumorous trout

Cancer has been found in hatchery rainbows and brook trout, but it is not yet known if the disease endangers fishermen

In most states the trout season is already open, and within the next few weeks anglers everywhere will have been on their favorite streams. Most of them will take their quota of fit, healthy fish; but before the seasons have closed this year some of the fishermen may take home trout suffering from cancer.

In the past three years rainbow trout afflicted with hepatoma, or primary cancer of the liver cells, have been discovered in fish hatcheries. Brook trout have turned up with milder but also potentially malignant tumors, or intestinal granuloma. The disease has taken hold in fish reared in hatcheries and released into streams and lakes in normal stocking procedures. The cause of cancer in these trout is not definitely known, but scientists suspect the hatchery diets.

For many years federal, state and private hatcheries reared brood trout on bits of raw beef, pork and mutton. While the fish were still fingerlings the fresh meat diet was not too expensive, but it began to make less dollar sense as the fish grew bigger and hungrier. Consequently, most hatcheries have now switched to manufactured feeds. These are compounded of such stuffs as dried animal meals, vegetable meals, vitamins and minerals; the fish have accepted the change and the hatcheries are convinced the feeds are every bit as wholesome as all-meat diets. At any rate, the trout have grown fatter faster at less cost.

But they have also begun to grow tumors. To find out why, the federal Fish and Wildlife Service called on Dr. Wilhelm C. Hueper of the National Cancer Institute. Hueper's past studies have concerned additives to food for human consumption and their possible carcinogenic (*i.e.*, cancer-inducing) properties. In his new assignment, he analyzed several commercial fish feeds and found they contained some suspect additives. Then he and his associates obtained a group of young rainbow trout from the same egg supply. Half, in a federal aquarium, were fed sheep liver. They developed no signs of cancer. The



other half, housed in a hatchery, were fed one of the commercial mixtures. Nearly all the hatchery rainbows later developed liver tumors. Other examinations were conducted over a period of three years at nine hatcheries across the U.S., and the consensus of both Hueper and the hatchery men was that the commercial feeds probably were causing cancer. Although Hueper emphasizes his evidence is only circumstantial, it is strong enough to have become the basis of a half-million-dollar lawsuit brought by one hatchery against a western feed manufacturer.

A spokesman for the Fish and Wildlife Service says that the feeds now in use by hatcheries have been "drastically modified," and that his agency is satisfied that there is no epidemic of fish cancer at present. But some questions remain unanswered. For one thing, neither Hueper nor anyone else is sure which constituents of the feeds might be cancer-inducing. One scientist studying the case suggests that chemical changes in the feed, overfeeding and even lubricants in the feed-grinding machinery may all play a role. A second problem, particularly for fishermen, is that no one can know how many cancerous trout have been released in stream-stocking programs, let alone how many have survived. Since hepatoma has been found in rainbows five years old, there could be plenty still around.

Where does that leave the fisherman who has caught a mess of trout? On the horns, unfortunately, of a rather prickly dilemma. There is no way he can detect the disease unless it is far enough along to cause pea-size white nodules on the liver or unusual abdominal swelling—or unless he takes the trout in for a posthumous histopathological examination. And while there is no evidence that a man can get cancer from eating an infected trout, there is also no evidence that he cannot. Dr. Herman Kraybill, of the National Institute of Health, says it is perfectly safe to eat *any* trout, so long as it has been gutted. Hueper, whose Cancer Institute is one of the divisions under the National Institute of Health's command, hopes the notion is correct, but is more cautious. This optimistic view "is not justified," he says, "because of the distinct lack of practical and scientific experience in such matters and especially because the causal agent is unknown. I do know that I wouldn't eat one that showed any evidence of a tumor." **END**

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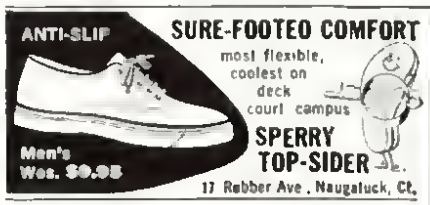
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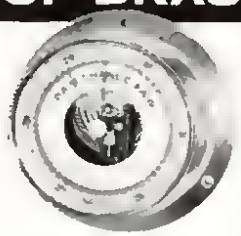
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BIG SMILE

continued from page 21

He beat Crimson Satan, who made a late run for it, by two lengths.

But the race in the stretch was marvelous just the same. Roman Line refused to quit and actually took the lead for a brief moment. Ridan wasn't stopping. "I am on the lead by a long neck at the eighth pole," Yeaza said afterwards, "but now he has too much taken out of him with our fighting, and he has not enough strength for the last part of the race."

Whirlaway's record falls

The strength, at this point, belonged to Decidedly. Hartack brought him charging on the outside, a magnificent streak of graceful gray in the bright afternoon sun. Moving with nimbleness and power, his long-reaching stride took him triumphantly past Ridan and then Roman Line. Roman Line was second by a neck over Ridan who had the same margin over Sir Ribot. None of them really had any excuse. Hartack and Decidedly would probably have beaten any 3-year-old in the country. Decidedly, the only son of a Derby winner in the field, became the second gray horse to win the race. The first was his sire, Determine, who won in 1954. He also broke Whirlaway's 21-year-old Derby record of 2.01⅖ by a full second, but on a track so dangerously hard and fast that even the fifth-place horse was under Whirlaway's time. The average track cushion is three inches. At Churchill Downs it is 1½ inches, but on Derby Day even this had been reduced to less than one inch.

Aside from the fact that this Derby was rewarding to those in the huge crowd who were paid off at $19.40 for $2 for a winning ticket on Decidedly, it was a tremendous achievement for the winning team of Pope, Luro and Hartack. Pope has been trying to breed a classic winner for years at his 16,000-acre El Peco Ranch in California's San Joaquin Valley. "You bring a horse up," he said of Decidedly, "love him from the day you first see him, race him the way you think is best and hope to win a classic like the Derby." After the race he was virtually dazed into silence as he stood on the concrete-hard track awaiting the traditional winner's circle ceremony of the roses. As his gray was brought to him he looked at him like a man in love. "I never saw a better horse," he said finally. **END**

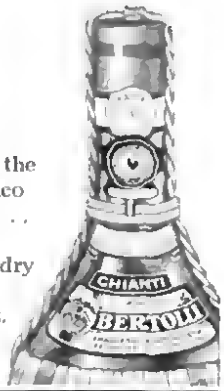
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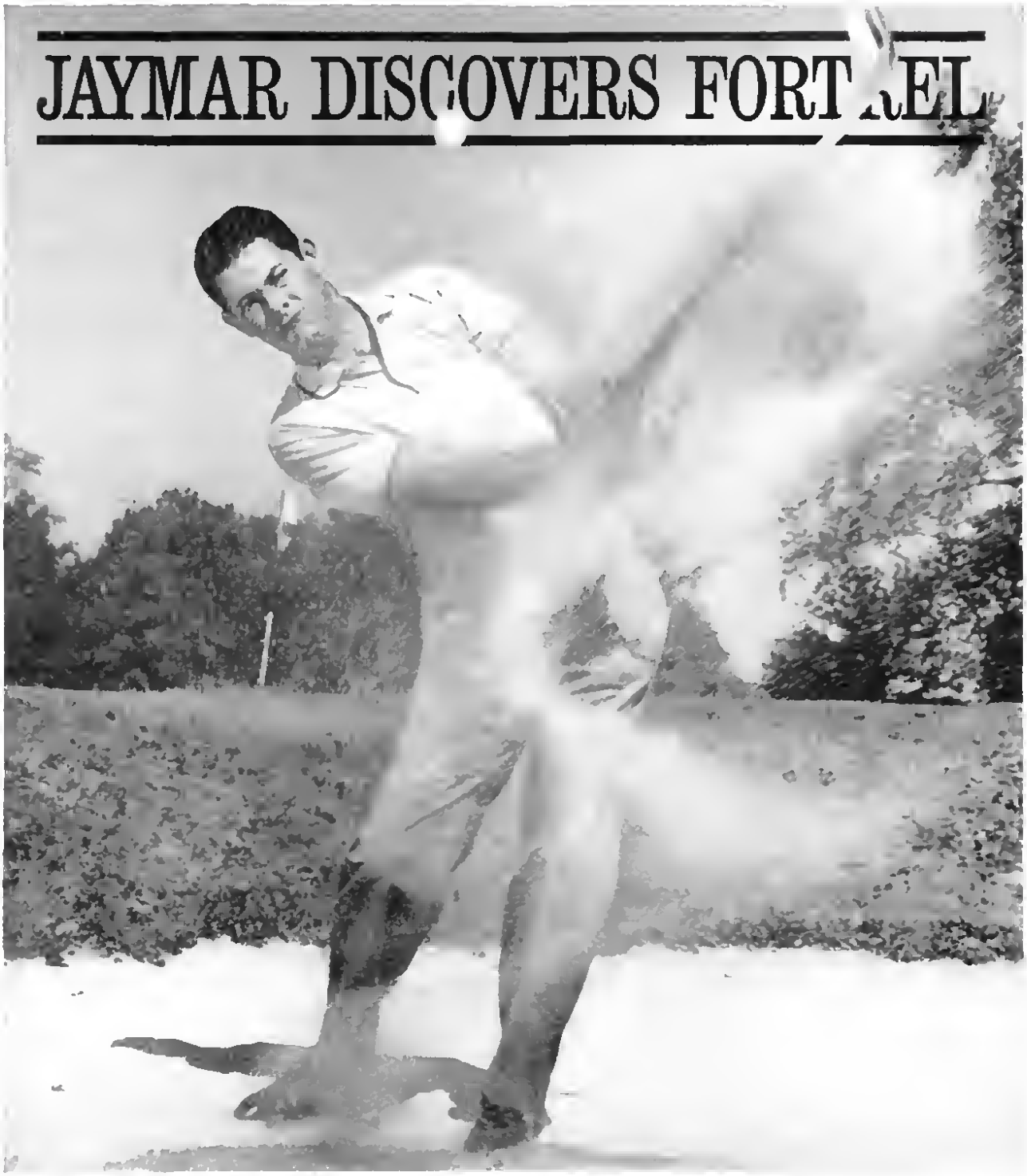
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JOFRE

continued from page 23

an excitable parish priest named Padre Ira, was so charged with references to boxing that it was, in a sense, a double ring ceremony. Padre Ira told Eder that "this is the best punch in your whole career," burbled on that "love and boxing are alike: both require endurance, discipline and sportsmanship." Said Jofre coyly: "This is my first knockout."

Despite the overwhelming influence of his battling relatives, Jofre has developed an interest in another kind of canvas. He began by sketching bantam roosters, the symbol of his career. One of these creations was on the back of the blue velvet robe he wore up the smoky, noisy aisle in the fight with Marquez. On the back was a gold, sequined banty cock with a jeweled red comb and a tear-shaped red jewel, quavering on a thread, for a wattle. (Marquez' robe bore the legend "ILWU 54." He is a longshoreman in Stockton, Calif.)

Born in Mexico, Marquez came up from Sonora to California when he was eight or nine and went to work in the fields when he was 13, picking cherries, tomatoes, celery and asparagus, and sewing onion sacks by hand. "There's nothing to it," he says. "Just like boxing." He turned to boxing when he was 23. "Who I am is from boxing," he says. "I never had the opportunity to be someone else. Boxing's clean and it keeps yourself from doing a lot of things you shouldn't. 'Herman,' an old man told me once, 'you won't get hurt in the ring. The ring don't hurt you. The outside do.'

"This is the biggest break I ever had. I'm going to try hard to do a good job. This is the fight. Not only for myself—I'm not selfish. For my wife and my seven kids and the one that's rounding third and sliding home."

The weigh-in was genial, and its pacific mood extended into the first round, which was so mannerly it appeared that a couple of conscientious objectors had found themselves, by some sublime error, in the prize ring. There were several jabs but they were soft, drifting, as though the gloves were balloons held by children. The pace quickened in the second round, both men punching with more vehemence. Jofre unleashed his famous right for the first time, but it didn't come close.

In the third Jofre threw a right cross which landed high on Marquez' cheek. He stumbled back and partially out of the ropes. Jofre didn't take advantage of his position, waiting until Marquez untangled himself before joining battle. At the end of this round Jofre sat on his stool, talking earnestly to his father, his chief second. But even then he didn't sit in customary fashion but sort of sidesaddle. By the fourth, Marquez was beginning to throw punches in meaningful flurries, while Jofre seemed content to measure Marquez with his jab, like a corny painter holding up his thumb, while patiently waiting the proper instant to throw his right. The next round showed why many observers consider Jofre the finest prizefighter of any weight now in the ring. In it he launched a rich variety of blows, and hard ones, too, both in combination and singly; he feinted deftly with head, shoulders and hands and defended with remarkable resourcefulness. It seemed then as though he could finish Marquez whenever he took a fancy to.

Like Ingemar

This feeling was reinforced in the sixth round. Jofre again displayed his arsenal but it did not slow Herman up. Marquez kept busily jabbing, working, as they say, coming on. Marquez won the seventh round on hustle, if nothing else, Jofre growing spiritless, waiting like a miniature Ingemar Johansson for the opportunity to unload the right. In the eighth round Jofre tried several clubbing rights which drove Marquez back. But, astonishingly, Marquez mounted a counteroffensive of his own and repulsed Jofre, at one point palpably stunning him with a nifty right hand. Now it appeared, in this variable battle, that not only would Marquez, a 3-to-1 underdog, be able to withstand Jofre's heaviest blows, but could beat him off with his own. Herman turned toward his corner at the conclusion of the round and raised his glove to his brow in a kind of salute—perhaps to himself. Jofre sat on his stool, twisted as though about to milk a cow, inhaling smelling salts.

In the ninth, Marquez swept on, indomitable, confident, on several occasions bringing Jofre up short with savage hits. At this point, one judge had Marquez, incredibly, leading by 7–0, the other judge 5–1, while Referee Fred Apostoli had it for Jofre, 5–3. (In California the winner of a round gets from one to five points, the loser gets zero and a tie round isn't tabulated in the scoring.)

Like so many of life's endings, this one, too, was unexpected, even startling. The 10th round began as the ninth had ended; no one, save perhaps Jofre, was in the know. Then Jofre struck Marquez with a right, but no more impressive a right than quite a few he had hit all along; certainly it didn't have the visible effect of the one which carried Marquez through the ropes in the third round. He followed it, however, by a right uppercut like Popeye's, and two lefts which sorely shook Marquez. Then, unopposed, Jofre battered Marquez with a sequence of swift, incisive and telling punches, about 10 of them. As Jofre paused before hitting him again, Marquez disereetly sat down. It was not valorous but it was wise. (He said later: "I wasn't hurt. I was taking a rest.") He arose at the count of four and took the rest of the mandatory eight count. Jofre waded forward, hacking away, and Marquez collapsed from all the punches to his unprotected head. He started to get to his feet, then sat down again as though he couldn't make it, looking mutely about him like a man in the bathtub after all the water has run out and he is confronted by his pale and insufficient frame.

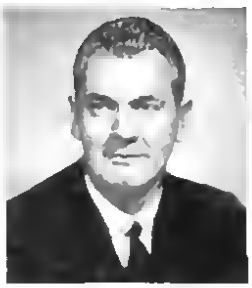
Marquez was on the point of arising once more when Referee Apostoli stopped the fight. Two minutes and 15 seconds had elapsed in the round. On the whole, the crowd seemed to approve Apostoli's action. A few bloodthirsty goons gathered behind the section where the athletic commission was sitting and called them a bunch of yo-yos and meatballs. Instead of banning boxing, it would be a far better thing if the authorities could screen spectators and ban those who are unfit to watch. There is no doubt, of course, that Marquez could have regained his feet. But there is very little doubt that he would have succumbed again and again. Jofre was just too strong and resourceful a banger for Marquez. "I'm not a bad loser," Marquez kept saying in his dressing room. "I'm just telling the truth. I wasn't hurt." Good. That is the point.

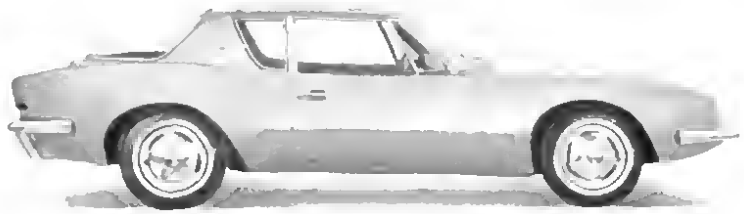
A great Brazilian flag was carried into the ring and many hands held it above little Jofre's head like a summer pavilion. Eder's wife, Cidinha, came gravely to a corner of the ring. Jofre bent down and was silent as she tugged at his ear, pulled at the skin on his cheek. Later she went to Marquez' dressing room, shyly shook his hand and watched him as he sat in calm ruin on the rubbing table. **END**

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HAPPY BLEND OF SPORT AND CASH



by ALFRED WRIGHT

Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, the lady wearing the hat and the cheer in the picture below, has used this mixture for a lifetime of fun and service. Standing with her is Mrs. Casey Stengel, whose husband manages the New York Mets, a baseball team Mrs. Payson bought for her home town. In the following pages is the story of this gregarious and generous grandmother whose life and family have been such a vital part of the American sporting scene from horses to heavyweights for more than three generations







The beautiful Lena Horne sings a song in which the lyrics go, "Can't stand baseball. The game's insane." Therein she speaks for virtually her entire gender. Women go to baseball games with their men rather than stay home alone, and some even follow the results in the press so they can appear interested. But few really enjoy the game for its own sake. Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson of New York City, Long Island, Maine, Kentucky and Florida is a notable exception. Mrs. Payson is so fond of baseball that she has put up more than $4.5 million of the $5 million it has cost to install the New York Mets in the National League this year.

"Why did you do it?" someone asked Mrs. Payson.

"Because I'm a fan," she replied simply, "and I can't bear to see New York without a National League team."

During the first two weeks of the 1962 season, Mrs. Payson staunchly followed her new team through an eight-game losing streak. Then, on Easter Sunday, she took off for Europe and the Greek islands on a long-planned holiday, her chin in its usual forthright position. An optimist to her sporting fingertips, she hadn't even considered the possibility that the Mets could be anything but a huge success.

Mrs. Payson became addicted to baseball almost without noticing it. "I don't remember when I first saw the Giants play," she has said. "My mother used to take me to the Polo Grounds when I was a little girl, and I almost feel as if I'd grown up there. Mother, of course, adored the game. One of my earliest memories is of watching her playing baseball at Palm Beach in the old days."

In her youth Mrs. Payson, who is now a 59-year-old grandmother with graying blonde hair and the approximate proportions of a Wagnerian soprano, was not athletic in her own right. But she always loved to spectate, as Mr. Kennedy would say with a frown. The recollections that she carries of her early exposure to sport are a kind of hodgepodge of U.S.

sporting history, mingled with the usual milestones in a woman's life.

"I remember I was pregnant at the first Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia," Mrs. Payson recalls. "In fact, I always seemed to be pregnant at championship fights. But I particularly remember it at the Philadelphia fight, because this man pushed me as we were leaving in the rain, and I yelled, 'Don't you dare push me, I'm pregnant,' and he quickly disappeared into the crowd. I think he thought I was going to hit him or something.

"The funny thing is that although I've seen just about every heavyweight championship fight since the big one at Boyle's Thirty Acres between Dempsey and what's his name—was it Carpentier? No, I don't think it was Carpentier. Yes, maybe it was Carpentier—well, anyway, although I've hardly ever missed a championship I still didn't see the most dramatic thing of all. That was when Dempsey knocked out Firpo.

"I was engaged to Charlie, my present husband, at the time. [Mrs. Payson has been married to Mr. Payson and only Mr. Payson for nearly 38 years, but every now and then she will refer to him as "my present husband."] Charlie had already arranged to go to the fight with someone else, so Father took me with some of his friends and we sat in the fourth row. Poor Charlie was so far back he had to borrow my field glasses to see what was going on. When the knockout came in the second round, Father's friends all jumped on their chairs to see better, and they kept pushing me down as they tried to steady themselves on my shoulders. I never saw a thing."

Mrs. Payson was particularly impressed by Abe Simon, the heavyweight challenger whom her brother, John Hay Whitney, owned in a partnership with Gene Tunney. Simon trained for a while at Greentree, the Whitney family's 400-acre estate in Manhasset, Long Island, and all the Whitneys and their neighbors used to enjoy watching his workouts. "He was a marvelous man," Mrs. Payson says, "and he had the best manners you ever saw. I remember once Mother went up to the ring to shake hands with him after he had been sparring, and he said to her, 'Pardon my glove.'"

A few months before Mr. and Mrs.

continued



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Payson were to be married, in the summer of 1924, he took her on a skiing trip to his native New England. "It was awful," she says. "I didn't know anything about skiing, and all I can remember is Charlie yelling at me, 'Lean forward, lean forward!' I did my best, because I thought maybe he wouldn't marry me if I didn't do well, and then after it was all over I discovered that Charlie didn't like to ski either. Thank God! I loathe winter sports."

The winter ones are about the only sports that Mrs. Payson hasn't followed enthusiastically at some point in her life. When, as Joan Whitney, she was growing up at Greentree and in the family's Fifth Avenue town house, sport took up almost as much time as business among the elegant rich surrounding her. Beginning with W. C. Whitney, Mrs. Payson's grandfather, who was an extremely wealthy lawyer, street car magnate and politician, the Whitneys have occupied about the same position in sport for the last three-quarters of a century that the Wallendas have on the high wire for a somewhat shorter period.

Payne Whitney, Mrs. Payson's father, was a devoted Yale man who captained the crew in 1898 and later coached it to victory over Harvard after the professional coach had quit in a huff and called the oarsmen "gutless." He built his own private golf course across the knolls of Greentree, and alongside the main house he put up an enormous sporting complex containing, among other things, an indoor swimming pool, a vast collection of sporting art and one of only seven court tennis layouts now in use on this side of the Atlantic. The $7.5 million Payne Whitney Gymnasium at Yale, which Mrs. Payson and her mother and brother gave in memory of her father, is still the most sumptuous and complete gym in the world.

Helen Hay Whitney, Mrs. Payson's mother, was a gay and friendly lady who bequeathed much of her own personality to her daughter. In addition to playing and watching baseball and hobnobbing with heavyweights, she founded Greentree Stable and raced its pink-and-black silks until her death in 1944; Twenty Grand, who won the Kentucky Derby in 1931, was one of her horses. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Payson's uncle, was an early 10-goal polo player, and his Thoroughbreds were always among the country's best, twice winning the Kentucky Derby. C. V. Whitney, Mrs. Payson's cousin and the son of Harry Payne, was eminent in polo, conservation and racing, and still is.

Jock Whitney, as Mrs. Payson's younger brother is known to his friends, has been much in the news lately—first as President Eisenhower's ambassador to the Court of St. James's and more recently as the new owner-publisher-editor-in-chief of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Before that, Jock rowed in college, did some amateur boxing, twice captained the national championship polo team, raced Thoroughbreds and owned that piece of Abe Simon. From angling to yachting there was hardly a sport other than basketball and bowling that didn't engross the members of the Whitney family.

Not long after her marriage, Mrs. Payson and a friend of hers named Mrs. Thomas L. Laughlin bought a couple of Thoroughbred racehorses for $400 apiece and started the Manhasset Stable. From this modest beginning the two women developed Manhasset to a point where it figured prominently in some of the better stakes races on the East Coast. The nearest they came to a champion was a 2-year-old colt named Thingumabob, who won the Arlington Futurity in 1938. Only a week or so later the colt broke his leg in a fall during the running of the Sanford Stakes at Saratoga and had to be destroyed. Mrs. Payson, who is deeply sentimental about animals as well as people, was so shaken that she seriously considered giving up racing, but fortunately she thought better of it later.

After the U.S. entered World War II Mrs. Payson and her brother Jock merged their stables with their mother's Greentree. But before that there were so many Whitney horses spinning around the New York tracks that one day at Saratoga one of Mrs. Payson's daughters cried, "Look, Mummy, everyone in the family got a prize. Grandma's horse

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won, Uncle Jock was second, you were third—and Cousin Sonny won the booby prize."

The operation of the Greentree Stable and Kentucky breeding farm was taken over by Mrs. Payson and her brother after their mother died in 1944. Under their direction Greentree has remained one of the distinguished stables in American racing, and twice they have had the Horse of the Year—Capot in 1949 and Tom Fool in 1953. Thoroughbred connoisseurs particularly admire Greentree for the delightful names of its horses, many of which reflect Mrs. Payson's passion for baseball. Among others there have been Third League and Hall of Fame and One Hitter, the last by Shut Out out of a mare called Bold Anna. Greentree is more generous than most stables about retiring its old campaigners to a life of leisure on its farm in Lexington, and Mrs. Payson refers to these horses as the Gashouse Gang after the colorful St. Louis Cardinals of the early 1930s. The family racing tradition is now being carried into another generation by Mrs. Payson's daughter, Lorinda, and her husband, Vincent de Roulet, who race under the *nom de course* of Shelter Rock Stable.

It wasn't until 1941 that Mrs. Payson's interest in baseball became intense. That year she took a season box at the Polo Grounds, and for the next 16 years she was a fixture at Giant games, sitting in her seat opposite first base with a Giant cap perched on her head. Her loyalty reached some sort of high point when she allowed newsmen to photograph her chauffeur wearing a Giant cap as he drove her from the ball park.

During this time Mrs. Payson became friendly with a New York stockbroker named Donald Grant, who was a wintertime neighbor of hers in Hobe Sound, Fla. They discovered their mutual admiration for the Giants, and when Mrs. Payson mentioned that she would like to own the team, Grant replied that he would like to manage it. Soon after the war, Grant bought himself a share of Giant stock, and when he told Mrs. Payson about it she asked him to get one for her.

In 1951—what Mrs. Payson describes as "the Bobby Thomson year"—the Giants won their first pennant in 14 years, and Mrs. Payson got to know Horace Stoneham, the owner of the team. By now she was so thoroughly smitten by baseball and began investing so much money in Giant stock that she eventually owned about 7½% of the team and was represented on its board of directors by her friend Grant. So it was with shock and sadness that she learned in the fall of 1957 that Stoneham had decided to move the team to San Francisco.

"I said to Mr. Stoneham, 'Please don't go, please don't go,' " Mrs. Payson remembers. Once she even offered to buy the team, but to no avail. Just to show that there were no hard feelings, she flew to San Francisco the following spring to see the Giants play their opening game against the Los Angeles Dodgers in Seals Stadium.

The two qualities that most thoroughly explain and describe the Whitney family are loyalty and sentiment. Mrs. Payson's mother was brimming with both. She once directed everyone in all her households to eat Wheaties so she could collect the box tops and help Joe DiMaggio win the Wheaties award as the most popular major league player. Mrs. Payson's loyalty to the National League and her Giants was still so great after their western migration that she preferred to eschew baseball entirely rather than patronize Yankee Stadium.

It is no wonder, then, that she was so ready to help finance a new baseball team for New York when the Continental League was in its formative stages. At the urging of Dwight Davis Jr., son of the donor of the Davis Cup, she originally agreed to subscribe one-third of the stock; various others, mostly wealthy fans like herself, would hold the rest of the shares.

The Continental League, it will be remembered, died unborn in the fall of 1960 when the American and National leagues gobbled up its four best franchise . New York was one of these, and Mrs. Payson was anything but blue to learn that her new team would join her favorite league and bring it back to her home town.

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Actually Mrs. Payson's role in the complicated negotiations that have preceded the birth of the Mets has been a passive one. Her friend Grant now serves as board chairman of the Mets and represents her interest in all matters affecting the team. G. Herbert Walker Jr., a New York investment banker whose father gave the Walker Cup to golf, is the only other of the original investors still owning stock. He holds 6%, Grant 5% and Mrs. Payson the rest. Naturally, she has had to get rid of her Giant stock, which was the largest individually owned block outside of the Stoneham interests. She has given it to New York Hospital, one of the charities to which she has donated many millions in past years.

Asked what her position is in the Met organization, Mrs. Payson gets a rather vague expression on her face and says, "I think I'm some kind of a vice-president or something."

Grant puts it another way. "Mrs. Payson likes to know what's going on, but she knows enough not to be a part-time interferer," he says.

There have been only a couple of times when Mrs. Payson seriously injected her opinions into the Mets' upper councils. As a Giant fan she admired Willie Mays above all other ballplayers, and she made it known to Horace Stoneham that no price would be too high if she could buy him for her new team. Stoneham, of course, laughed off the proposal.

Last summer, at the second All-Star game in Boston, Mrs. Payson was introduced to Mays for the first time in her life. "Willie," she said to him, "I wish you were back in New York."

"It's not time yet," was his reply.

"I really don't think he had any idea who I was," Mrs. Payson told a friend later.

It was fairly common knowledge both inside and outside the Mets organization that Mrs. Payson was eager to have at least one or two prominent National League players on her team, particularly ones who had previously made a reputation in New York. Among these was Gil Hodges, the once-great Dodger first baseman, and the Mets did acquire him for the draft price of $75,000. Another was Johnny Antonelli, who had helped

continued

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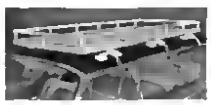
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pitch the Giants to their 1954 world championship. Antonelli was drafted from the Milwaukee Braves, but having suffered through several dismal seasons he finally decided to abandon his baseball career. Mrs. Payson was very impressed during last year's World Series by the flashy performance of Elio Chacon, the young Cincinnati second baseman, and he, too, was drafted for the team. Otherwise Mrs. Payson has kept her opinions to herself and left the decisions to George Weiss, the Mets' president. "He'd shoot me if I interfered," Mrs. Payson has said with conviction.

Just after last year's World Series Weiss offered the job of field manager to a reluctant Casey Stengel, who had spent the previous year in semiretirement, and Mrs. Payson helped talk Stengel into signing on. "Thank God you didn't take his no," Mrs. Stengel later told Mrs. Payson. "He's been miserable without baseball."

Mrs. Payson tells this only to point out that it was one of the few times she has really done anything herself to assist in the formation of her baseball team. In her own mind, Mrs. Payson is just a typical bridge-playing New York matron, albeit one who can afford certain hobbies and luxuries that are out of the reach of most. Her major concern is her family—three married daughters in their 30s, a 21-year-old son who likes racing cars, and eight grandchildren. (Her first-born child, Daniel Carroll Payson, died an infantry hero's death during the Battle of the Bulge when he was only 18.)

To fill up her spare time, Mrs. Payson is a partner in galleries for contemporary art on Long Island and in Palm Beach and serves on the board of trustees of the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan. She is also a founder and partner in the firm of Payson and Trask, which invests capital in promising new enterprises around the country.

As if this were not enough to occupy her mind, Mrs. Payson is also one of the most awesomely generous philanthropists in the world today. In recognition of the support she has given to so many New York charities, particularly hospitals, Hofstra College has awarded her

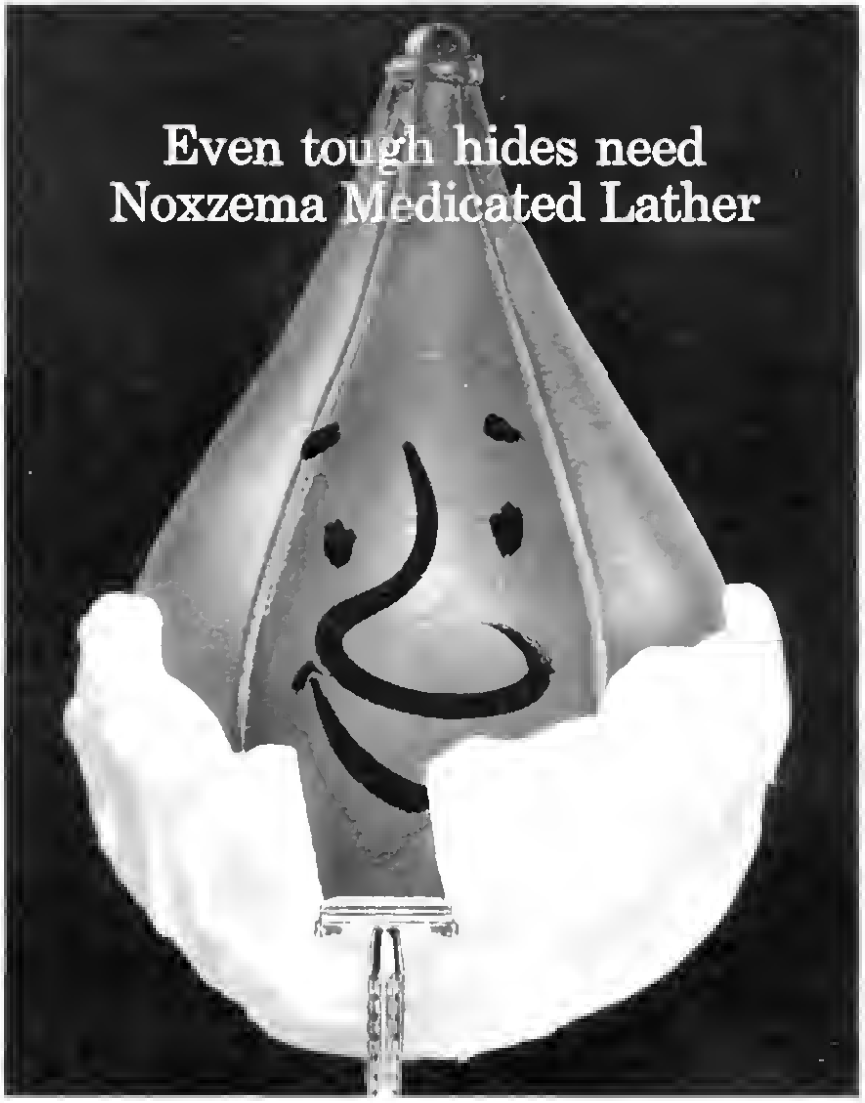
the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. Mrs. Payson is so conscientious about helping others that some years back she approached a friend of modest means and said, "You must run into people from time to time who are badly in need of some financial help. If you ever do, please let me know, and maybe I can do something for them."

Home to Mrs. Payson is the large, comfortable house in Manhasset that she and her husband built in 1928, alongside Greentree. In the summertime she always moves her household to a spacious seaside place at Falmouth Foreside along the southern coast of Maine, spending the month of August, however, in a house in Saratoga so she can follow the racing. At Kentucky Derby time she takes a few friends in her private railroad car, the Adios II, to the impressive antebellum house on Greentree's 1,000-acre breeding farm in the Bluegrass country outside Lexington. In the winter months she is in residence at Hobe Sound, an isolated and quietly fashionable resort island a few miles north of Palm Beach. A penthouse apartment on the corner of 88th Street and Fifth Avenue accommodates Mr. and Mrs. Payson whenever they want to stay in New York City.

Mr. Payson is a Yale graduate like all his Whitney in-laws, and during his college years he was a good amateur boxer and rowed on the crew before taking his law degree. "He's a businessman," is the way Mrs. Payson describes her husband's occupation. "I don't know exactly what he does; he's just a businessman. I remember once I asked Father what he did, and he said, 'I'm a businessman.' Well, that's what Charlie is."

Five years ago, FORTUNE magazine listed Mrs. Payson's wealth at somewhere between $100 million and $200 million and it could be more than that without her even knowing. Her father's estate of nearly $200 million was the largest ever probated in the U.S. until that time, and that was back in the hard-dollin days of 1929. Yet you will seldom find her activities charted in the society columns, nor will you find her fraternizing in the pages of *Town and Country* with the rich who like to see pictures of

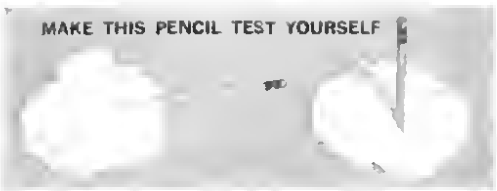
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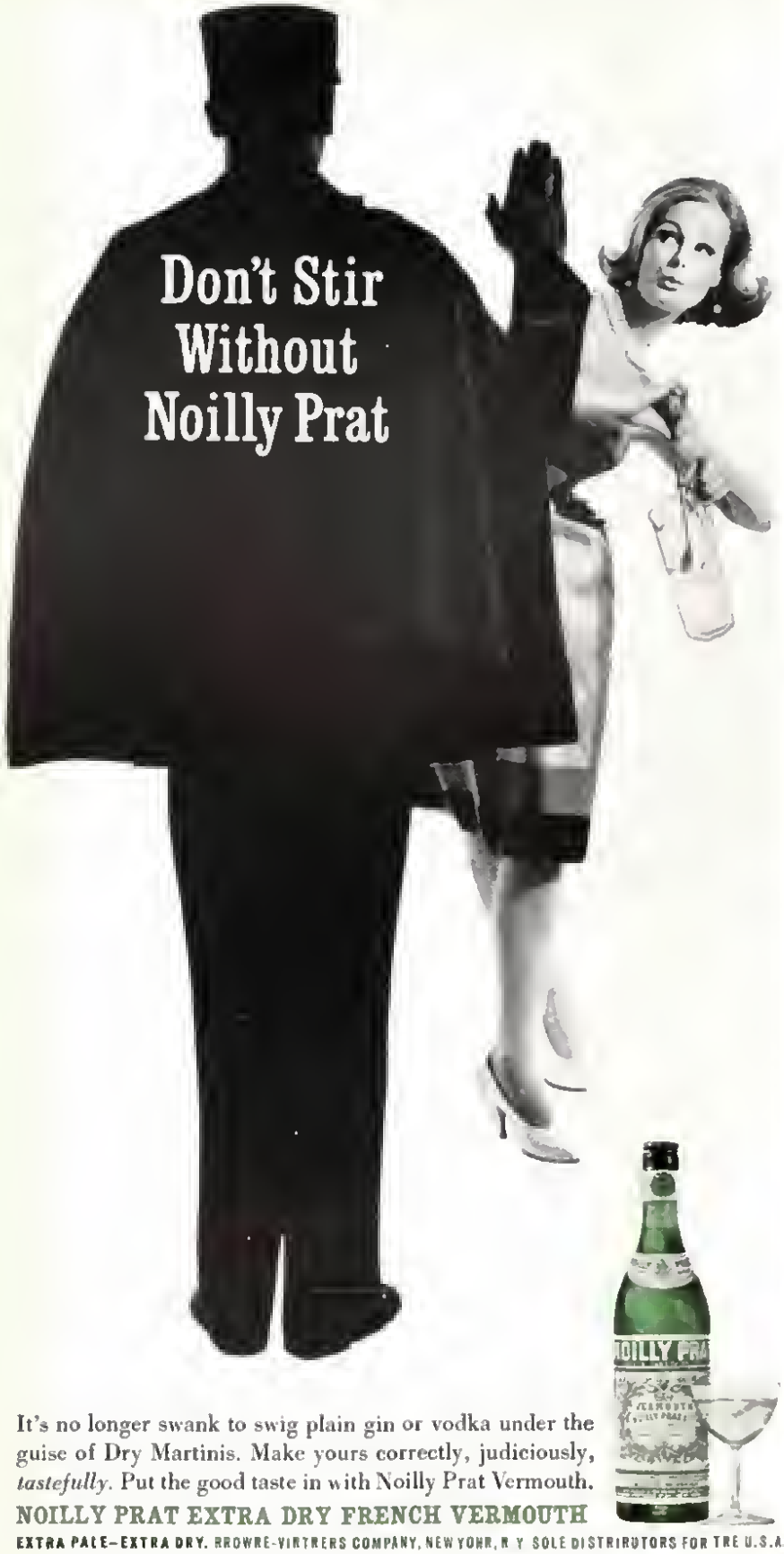
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themselves in print. The small snobberies of life escape her; she doesn't seem to need them for herself, and she doesn't seem to understand them in others.

One of her favorite friends is Joe E. Lewis, the comedian, who likes horse racing almost more than she does. In the days when Lewis used to arrange to play an engagement at Saratoga during the racing season, Mrs. Payson hardly ever missed a night at his show, and she can still recite many of his routines by heart. One of them about "Linda at the two-dolla winda" is among her favorites, since it kids their mutual hobby.

Mrs. Payson first took an interest in Joe E. Lewis' act because, in her characteristic fashion, she thought it was something her children would enjoy. "Some friends took me to the Versailles to hear him," she recalls, "and I thought it was one of the cleanest and funniest shows I'd ever seen in my life. So the next night I took the children to see him, and we got a terrible shock. He was altogether different, and not exactly what you might pick for children. But of course he was terribly funny. It turned out that the first time I had heard him some friends of his had brought their child to the dinner show, and he had dug up every clean routine he knew just for that one time."

The late Jack White, who used to run a small Manhattan nightclub without benefit of oxygen, was another of Mrs. Payson's favorites. White, like Mrs. Payson, had been a fanatical Giant fan, and whenever the team lost he would drape his saloon in mourning crape. "He was wonderful," Mrs. Payson sighs as she thinks back on the days when the irreverent comedian used to insult, badger and humiliate the entire clientele at his Club 18. "I used to love to go there. And I'll never forget how he and all his friends like Jackie Gleason and those others would sit there sunning themselves in the afternoon at the Polo Grounds."

Mrs. Payson's life—a relaxed blend of family, sports, philanthropy and friends—is, to her, as normal as blueberry pie and stock splits. "I don't know what in the world you would ever write about me," she said with complete sincerity to an interviewer not long ago. "I don't do anything interesting." **END**



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YESTERDAY

The Reluctant Queens of the Court

After avoiding each other for years, Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen met in an unimportant tournament in Cannes **by THEODORE M. O'LEARY**

The most eagerly awaited and universally talked about tennis match ever played did not take place at Wimbledon, Forest Hills, Melbourne or Sydney. Tilden didn't play in it, neither did Budge, Vines, Kramer, Sedgman, Hoad or Gonzalez. Matched instead were two young women—Suzanne Lenglen of France and Helen Wills of California. They played on February 16, 1926 in the finals of a small regional tournament sponsored by the Carlton Club of Cannes. All over the world, people who had scarcely even given a thought to tennis before waited upon the outcome. When the match was over, the results were printed, not on the sports pages, but on the front pages of most of the world's newspapers.

It was unthinkable that the match would not someday be played, but it had remained unplayed so long that an almost unbearable tension had set in among the partisans of the two players. Aside from the fact that the match brought together two world-ranking tennis players, it also pitted what Miss Wills's supporters liked to think of as American simplicity and innocence against French guile and sophistication.

The two players had virtually impeccable records. Suzanne, then 26, had lost only one singles match since 1919—a default to Molla Mallory of the United States in the second round (seedings were not used then) of the 1921 American championships at Forest Hills after Mrs. Mallory had won the first set 6–2. Suzanne had won at Wimbledon in 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1925. Miss Wills had won the U.S. title in 1923

continued



SUZANNE (LEFT) AND HELEN POSE BEFORE LONG-AWAITED MATCH, THEIR ONLY MEETING



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when she was only 17 years old and had retained her title the next two years. She later won four more U.S. singles titles. Helen exemplified power, particularly off her forehand. Suzanne played with craft and the grace of a dancer; she covered the tennis court with an effortless glide.

When Helen arrived on the Riviera in the winter of 1926 everyone knew why she was there but nobody was sure when she would play Suzanne. As boxers, milers and other athletes are still doing today, neither girl hastened to commit herself to a match with the other. In the previous tournaments, Suzanne confined herself to the doubles if Helen entered the singles, or if Suzanne entered the singles, Helen played in the doubles. They didn't find themselves on the opposite side of a net until the finals of a tournament at Nice, and then it was only in mixed doubles.

The two girls maintained the fiction of a high personal regard for each other. Suzanne, who had a gift for being patronizing, told reporters she thought Helen was "a sweet child." But later she began psyching Helen. After watching her in a mixed doubles match Suzanne remarked most audibly, "Isn't that comical?" and went off for tea. They also sought to outploy each other in their dress. Once Helen asked photographers to delay taking pictures of her for a day until a couple of new outfits arrived from Paris. The distinguished American diplomat and author Brand Whitlock found his diplomatic prowess tested when he was dragged into the controversy. Someone had said that Helen would be handicapped because her skirt was longer than Suzanne's, which, in the delicious phrasing of one writer, "just kissed her knees." Whitlock remarked that Helen's skirt was merely decently long, and when reporters asked him if by that he meant that Suzanne's was indecent, he took refuge in the assertion that a few inches one way or another would not decide the feminine tennis championship of the world.



SUZANNE EXHIBITED THE GRACE OF A DANCER AS SHE GLIDED FROM STROKE TO STROKE

Reporters assigned to the two players were hard pressed at times to sustain interest, as tournament after tournament went by without pitting Helen and Suzanne in the singles. To keep in trim they limbered up with similes. One described Suzanne as "charging along on tiptoes like a high-strung racer," while Helen "walked flat-footed like an Indian or a detective." Suzanne wore a "fixed, frozen smile like a toothpaste advertisement," while Helen, "pale and tight-lipped, was the Coolidge of tennis."

Finally, to the vast relief of everyone, both players sent in their entries for the Carlton Club tournament, to be played

on the club's pink clay courts, with only limited gallery space. The club was operated by the Burke brothers, tennis professionals, and, presumably speaking for them, one of their associates, Bernie Hicks, said in a notable display of candor: "We are out to get the coin. It's purely a question of dough." Hicks was not an Oxford man. In pursuit of their



HELEN RELIED ON POWERFUL SHOTS

aim the Burkes sold exclusive newsreel rights for $100,000, and wangled $4,000 out of a tennis ball manufacturer for the privilege of letting him provide the balls for the match. The newsreel deal fell through when both Helen and Suzanne insisted that the match be open to all motion picture cameras.

Never ones to encourage needless expense, the Burkes prevailed upon some Englishmen to put up a handsome gold cup for the winner. It was reported that the largest contributor, Sidney Beers, had simply dipped into his winnings of $200,000 at the Cannes gaming tables. Around those tables the match became as consuming a topic of interest as what color or number was coming up next

The commercial aspects of the match were further accentuated when rumors began floating about that Suzanne's father, Papa Lenglen (who had taught her not only to play tennis but to know the value of a franc), had seen to it that his daughter would be cut in for $12,000 of

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WHEN THE MATCH ENDED SUZANNE'S ADMIRERS BURST ONTO THE COURT AND SHOWERED

Reluctant Queens continued

the gate receipts, which ultimately totaled around $40,000. An Englishwoman, who also knew the value of a franc as well as a shilling, got her hands on a large block of 50-franc tickets, which she later peddled for 1,000 francs each.

The match was called for 11 o'clock in the morning. Years later Miss Wills was to recall that the night before, after a dinner of clear soup, filet mignon, green peas, boiled new potatoes, ice cream and cake, she went up to her room and, despite the repeated strains of the season's top hit, *Valencia*, which floated up from the terrace below, slept soundly.

The Riviera produced its best weather for the match, and long before play started all the regular seats were taken and spectators were clinging to nearby trees, fences and rooftops, from which tiles had been removed in some cases. Hundreds more simply stood outside in the streets, hopeful of hearing the umpire's call of the score as the match progressed. No one ever did figure out how many people either saw the match or were in the vicinity.

The quality of the play never quite came up to expectations. The circus atmosphere, the long weeks of tension, the tendency of spectators, unschooled in the niceties of tennis etiquette, to cheer wildly, to the particular discomfiture of Suzanne, did little for the players' concentration. Early in the match crowds outside, seeking to batter their way to a view of the court, pushed forward so violently that they nearly toppled one of the backstops. Suzanne, a native of nearby Nice, apparently knew how to deal with people of her district. She walked to the end of the court and spoke sharply to the surging tennis fans. Even though they were separated from her by a wall of opaque canvas, they were thoroughly cowed and minded their manners.

Next, French gendarmes pursued some minor lawbreakers up and down the trunks and through the branches of a row of eucalyptus trees near the court. Miss Wills later recalled her amusement at this parody of the chase footage in a Keystone cops comedy. But she found little more to amuse her as the match unfolded.

Both she and Suzanne began by playing cautiously, and that style prevailed through most of the match. Although Suzanne was known for her daring, she was content to try to outsteady Helen, which she did. Helen made 26 errors to Suzanne's 14 in the first set. Suzanne placed her shots with a precision that disconcerted Helen and kept the slower



HER WITH HUGE BOUQUETS OF ROSES

California girl from getting into position for her killing forehand, the shot she depended upon as a point winner.

Frequently Suzanne employed soft and sharply angled shots to force Helen to run diagonally toward the net and one sideline, thus leaving vast areas of her court undefended. Suzanne won the first set 6–3, but stopped play several times to remonstrate with the noisy gallery, which was overwhelmingly for her. "After all," she said after the match, "tennis is not baseball or boxing."

In the second set Helen began anticipating some of Suzanne's cannily directed shots and ran to a 3–1 lead. Her strategy of seeking to exhaust her older opponent, who was something of a hypochondriac, appeared on the point of fruition. Suzanne, never one to conceal either her emotions or her real or imagined pains, began clutching dramatically at the region of her heart. When she found herself down 3–1, she strode to the sidelines and helped herself to a stiff shot of cognac. Stimulated, Suzanne evened the set at 3 all, but soon fell behind. Helen, ahead by one game, smashed a hard forehand down the line that the crowd, partisan though it was, thought to be good. But the linesman, Cyril Tolley, a noted British golfer, ruled the ball out. Suzanne rallied, and at 6–5 reached match point.

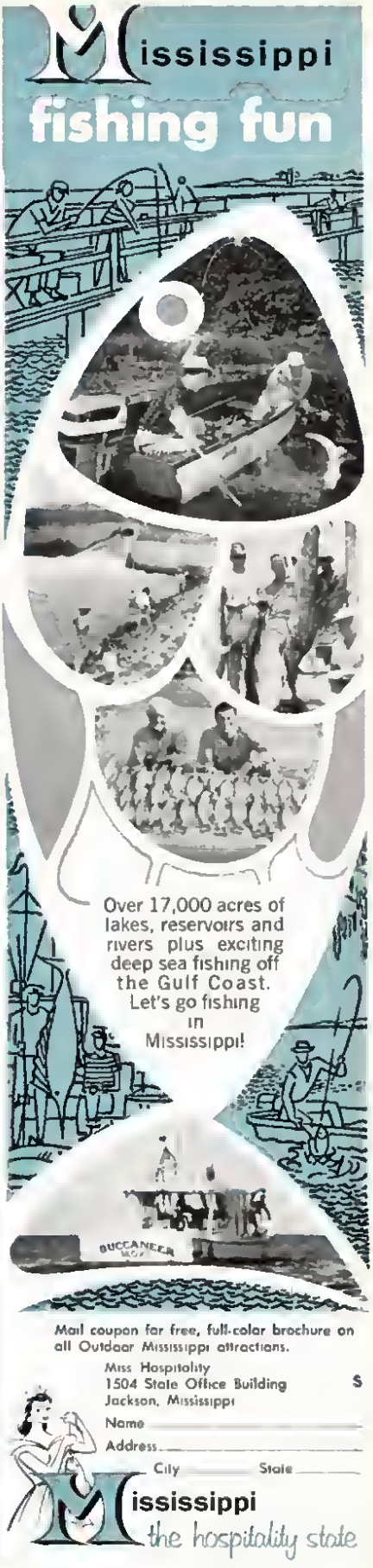
Then an incident occurred that some were inclined to compare with the false armistice of November 7, 1918. Helen hit a ball deep, and someone in the stands yelled "Out!" The players and the crowd assumed the call was official. Spectators swarmed over the court and photographers posed the two girls at the net. But the officials ruled that the ball had been good. Helen then won the game and the set stood at 6–6. Such an incident usually left the emotional Suzanne seething. A crisis of nerves appeared in prospect. But she seemed unperturbed and ran out the set 8–6, and with it the match.

Her admirers, with a foresight born of supreme confidence, had provided themselves with huge bouquets of roses, which they pressed upon her. But the caliber of the match had left Suzanne dissatisfied. "I am not at all proud of the way I played," she said. "All these flowers don't please me. I don't deserve them." Later she wrote, in an analysis of the match: "I never took a chance. I placed my shots but I never tried to impose my game. I simply returned the ball." In the course of the match she had forced Helen into 31 net balls and 32 outs, while she was making two fewer outs and 18 fewer net balls.

While Suzanne sat laden with the bouquets of roses, Helen stood momentarily alone and unnoticed. Then a young American, whom she had met casually after her arrival in France, approached her and said: "You played awfully well." His name was Fred Moody, and Miss Wills was later to marry him. Her only comment at the time was: "There will be other tennis matches. There are other years coming."

But there never was another match between Suzanne and Helen. They were expected to meet a couple of weeks later in the finals of the French championship at St. Cloud. But Helen underwent an operation for appendicitis and was forced to withdraw. Suzanne won over Mary K. Browne in the finals, and that summer turned professional. She earned more than $100,000, to the deep satisfaction of Papa Lenglen.

On July 2, 1938 Helen, then Mrs. Moody, won the Wimbledon championship for an unprecedented eighth time. Two days later Suzanne Lenglen died in Paris of pernicious anemia. She had won only six times at Wimbledon, but—more important—she had won at Cannes on February 16, 1926. END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA club owners argued for 17 hours tentatively bounced around the franchises of four cities as if dealing with the marbles teams of a cub scout troop and ended up by not letting Philadelphia's Eddie Gottlieb sell Wilt Chamberlain and his Warrior teammates to a syndicate seeking a franchise in San Francisco for $850,000

BOATING—JOHN BAKOS an open-throttle marathon driver from St. Cloud, Fla., won the Miami-Nassau powerboat race (*see page 74*) after successfully disentangling his 25-foot Bertram Moppie from a mixed-up start that accident-rib semi off the field. His 280-hp *AOA* one sped over the unusually calm 180-mile run in the record time of 3:42:20, cutting 38 minutes off the previous mark set by runner-up Sam Griffith, who had won the race four times in the last five years.

BOXING—EDER JOFRE, an interior decorator when he isn't in the ring, finished off Challenger Herman Marquez in the tenth round of a scheduled 15-round world championship bantamweight bout in San Francisco (*see page 22*). He first staggered Marquez with a combination to the head, then knocked him out with a left hook to the jaw.

LUIS RODRIGUEZ cut up the usually durable Yama Bahama in the first and third rounds of a scheduled ten rounder in New York, and the bloodied Bimini middleweight wasn't allowed out for the fourth. It was Rodriguez' forty-third win in 47 bouts, and only the second time Bahama has not finished a fight.

GOLF—ARNOLD PALMER birdied three of the last six holes to win the $58,000 Las Vegas Tournament of Champions in his typical rush-from-the-rear style. This time the runner-up was Billy Casper, who watched helplessly as Palmer sank a 25-foot putt for a total of 276 and a one-stroke victory. It was Palmer's fifth tournament win, his third dramatic finish in a month.

PETER THOMSON of Australia set a 72-hole record for famed St. Andrews Old Course in Scotland. He shot rounds of 66, 69, 72 and 68 for a total of 275, winning the $16,800 Martini Tournament for the third straight year.

GYMNASTICS—DALE McCLEMENTS a little Seattle high school girl who is hardly as high as a parallel bar, won the national women's AAU title in her home town by the littlest of margins. She defeated Gail Sontgerath of West Palm Beach, Fla. by 1/1000th of a point (75.767 to 75.766). En route to the championship she upset favored Doris Fuchs of Rochester, N.Y. Olympian Muriel Grossfeld, a student at the University of Illinois, retained her national championship in the floor exercises and won the balance beam and Barbara Gallelier kept the tumbling title, but lost on the rebound tumbling to Beverly Averyt of Austin, Tex. Olympian Don Tonry, with the Army, won the men's All-Around title and added individual championships in the parallel bars and floor exercises. Hal Holmes of Champaign, Ill. kept his tumbling title. Frank Schmitz, a Lafayette, Ind. teenager, took the rebound tumbling and Seattle's Charlie Denny won on the flying rings. Two Pasadena, Calif. entrants took home awards: Carl Wulf in still rings and Steve Leidner in the rope climb.

HARNESS RACING—DUKE RODNEY ($2.70), an aging trotting three-year-old last season, proved he's still in top condition by trotting to a new world record for the mile and 1/16 in the $67,105 Realization Trot in Westbury, N.Y. Driven by Billy Haughton, the Duke broke the old mark of 2:10 for Roosevelt Raceway when he went the mile and 1/16 in 2:03.4/5. It was his first start since March 30. Orbiter, driven by Ralph Baldwin, finished second, 1½ lengths behind.

HORSE RACING—DECIDEDLY ($19.40) broke Whirlaway's 21-year-old Churchill Downs record by a full second, winning the Kentucky Derby in a blistering 2:00.2. Sayer Roman Line and favored Ridan and giving Jockey Bill Hartack his third Derby victory (*see page 18*).

CICADA ($2.20), Meadow Stable's highly favored filly in a field of six for the $42,800 Kentucky Oaks, came through as expected, breezing to a three-length win ahead of Flaming Page. Willie Shoemaker rode Cicada over the mile and 1/16 course.

SEVEN THIRTY ($6.70), running through a steady drizzle, came from behind in a field of 13 to win the $29,600 Bed O' Roses Handicap at Aqueduct. Ridden by Larry Adams, George D. Widener's four-year-old filly finished a length and a half ahead of Taylor Asbury's Epitome.

MERRY RULER ($15.20) and Hitting Away ducked through the stretch in the $59,300 Carter Handicap at Aqueduct, but Henry O. H. Frelinghuysen's four-year-old stepped out at the wire to win by a head and equal the track time of 1:22 for seven furlongs. Johnny Sellers rode the winner. Beau Purple, the 9-to-10 favorite, finished in ninth place.

HILL TIE overtook the front runner, Uncle Monk, in the last mile of the four-mile course to win the Virginia Gold Cup at Warrenton. A. P. (Paddy) Smithwick rode Mrs. June McKnight's hunter.

LACROSSE—NAVY used every player including two part-time managers in a 16-2 drubbing of Duke at Annapolis, giving the harassed Blue Devils only 11 shots for its seventh straight win.

JOHNS HOPKINS also undefeated, held on at New Brunswick to beat a surprising Rutgers squad that grew stronger each quarter, 13-11.

ARMY beat Maryland 11-9 at West Point as Attackman Lenny Butler led the scoring with three goals and four assists.

MOTOR SPORTS—OLIVIER GENDEBIEN of Belgium aided by countryman Willy Mairesse and Ricardo Rodriguez of Mexico, drove a Ferrari to victory in the Targa Florio endurance race. Gendebien, who has won the Sicilian road event twice before, averaged 61.83 mph for the 447.4-mile course. An Italian team of Giancarlo Baghetti and Lorenzo Bandini, also in a Ferrari, finished second.

ROWING—CORNELL in its first start of the season, scored a decisive victory over Syracuse and Navy to win the Goes Cup on Cayuga Lake. Without raising the beat over 32, the heavyweight crew covered the two-mile course in 11:06.2, finishing 2½ lengths ahead of Syracuse and 4½ in front of Navy.

YALE, off to a slow start, followed the Pennsylvania eight through half of the Henley-distance course along the Schuylkill River, then put on a burst of speed that carried it to a half length lead which it held to win its second straight Blackwell Cup. It was Yale's third win of the season, and Penn's first loss. Columbia finished three lengths behind the Quakers.

MIT closed fast in the last quarter of a mile-and-three-quarter course along Princeton's Lake Carnegie to take home its first Compton Cup in 26 years of trying, beating Princeton and Harvard.

SOCCER—BENFICA of Lisbon kept the European Soccer Cup, which it won last year by beating Real Madrid, a five-time winner, 5-3 in Amsterdam. At the half Benfica was behind 3-2, but Inside-Forward Silva Tusebio came through with two goals in the closing minutes.

TENNIS—RUSSIA, making its debut in Davis Cup competition, won the first round of the European Zone eliminations, beating The Netherlands at The Hague (*see page 24*). The team will face Italy in the second round later this month.

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI added its 106th win to an imposing list of consecutive dual-meet victories with a 6-3 triumph over North Carolina, undefeated in 34 previous competitions, in a continuing display that allowed the Tar Heels only one singles win. In the course of the rout, witnessed by a surprising crowd of 3,500 in Chapel Hill, N.C., Miami's Rod Mandelstam crushed Carolina's George Sokol, who never before had lost in college play, 6-1, 6-1.

TRACK & FIELD—DAVE TORK, the Marine Lieutenant who set the world record for the pole vault two weeks ago with a leap of 16 feet 2 inches, cleared 16 feet ¼ inch in the San Jose State College meet in Sunnyvale, Calif., but declined six tries for a new record because he felt the approach did not meet normal specifications.

OREGON plummeted Oregon State in Eugene as the Ducks more than doubled the OSU score, 98-45, taking their 36th straight home win. Dyrol Burleson ran the fastest college mile of the year in 4:01.2, and Jerry Tarr set a similar mark by clearing the 120-yard high hurdles in 13.5.

WATER POLO—ILLINOIS ATHLETIC CLUB of Chicago defeated the Olympic Club of San Francisco 8-3 in New York for the national AAU indoor senior title, with former Olympian Bill Koostra leading the Chicago attack with three goals.

MILEPOSTS—MARRIED: INGEMAR JOHANSSON, 29, former world heavyweight champion now trying for a comeback, and his longtime secretary and companion, Birgit Lundgren, 25, in a secret ceremony in Stockholm.

DIED: FREDERIC CAVENS, 79, the Belgian-born fencing master who during the past 40 years gave lessons to such cinema swashbucklers as Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Jr., Errol Flynn and Tyrone Power, and also assisted with the Zorro television series, in Woodland Hills, Calif.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

30, 31 Robert Meyers; 32 Phil Roth; 59—Mark Kauffman; 60, 61—Tony Triolo; Wil Blanche; Mark Kauffman (2); George Bolton; 63, 69 Robert D. Huntzinger; 71—Sol Mangel; 73—James Drake; 74 Lee Balterman; 97 Wil Blanche; AP; Tony Triolo; 98 AP.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOHN WRZESINSKI, a junior at Rocky Mountain (Mont.) College, lassoed the all-round cowboy award at the Montana State College Rodeo in Bozeman by winning two saddle bronc riding events and finishing third in bareback riding. Twelve colleges competed.



JEFFREY LERNER, a 16-year-old high school sophomore from Brooklyn, won the national paddle tennis title in New York by beating one-time professional tennis champion Bobby Riggs in the semi-finals and Paul Cranis, last year's winner, in the final match.



ANNABELLE SMITH, captain of the crew and basketball teams at Wellesley (Mass.) College, proved to be a star in a lesser known sport too, as she won Wellesley's traditional spring hoop-rolling sprint, finishing a twist and a twirl ahead of almost 200 senior classmates.



DONALD BYRNE, coach of Pennsylvania State University's varsity chess team and a Chess Master, was the only American in the match in Mar del Plata, Argentina, where he defeated Rene Letelier of Chile in 35 moves and earned the title of International Master.



DICK MILES regained his national table tennis title for the ninth time in 18 years by beating Norbert Van de Walle of Chicago in New York City. Miles, a 36-year-old New Yorker, took the game's first professional title a week earlier, defeating Erwin Klein.



KAZUO SHINOHARA, who works for a petroleum company in Los Angeles, eliminated 51 contestants in the 160-pound division of the AAU judo championships in Chicago, went on to throw the 140- and 180-pound winners and took the overall title, lightest winner ever.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



CLUTCH HITTERS were Twins' Rich Rollins, who hit two-out homer in ninth, and Pirates' Bob Skinner, whose pinch single beat Dodgers.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Cleveland's newest Indian was 29 feet tall and lugged a 22-foot bat. He stood, in neon and plastic splendor, on the roof of Municipal Stadium, and perhaps he helped inspire the Indians to hit nine homers. The pitchers, however, gave up 48 runs and the Indians lost four of six. It was the **Kansas City** players who *really* seemed to be swinging 22-foot bats. Four of the AL's top nine batters—Gino Cimoli .333, Jerry Lumpe .337, Norm Siebern .340 and Manny Jimenez .400—were Athletics. The A's wore new flaming scarlet sweatshirts, acquired a registered purebred Montedale sheep for a mascot and split eight games. And Diego Segui, scored on only once in nine appearances so far, gave the team its best relief work since 1956. "One general manager," Owner Charles Finley said, "told me that the deal he was proposing would win the pennant for Kansas City. Imagine the Athletics winning the pennant." It's easier to imagine some other team, like, say, **New York**. With a two-run homer by Elston Howard here and another by Joe Pepitone there and with a six-run inning elsewhere, the Yankees were nestled in first place. Right behind them at the week's start, but way down in ninth at the end, was **Detroit**. Typical of the Tigers' misadventures was a foul ball caught by Leftfielder Rocky Colavito. After the catch Colavito tripped over a warmup mound and dropped the ball. The runner on third took advantage of the situation and scored the winning run. Another opportunist was **Minnesota**'s Don Mincher, who got into the lineup when Vic Power pulled a muscle. Mincher had three homers and nine RBIs. Earl Battey hit .385 and *Bill* Tuttle .458. In addition the Twins made eight double plays, got 13 doubles, two triples, 14 home runs, had a .314 BA for the week and won six of seven. Conversely, **Baltimore** made just two double plays, allowed six unearned runs, batted .229 and tumbled to eighth. It was enough to drive a manager to drink, but Billy Hitchcock has a personal rule: just one beer after a game. **Washington** fans were not abiding by the maxim that says it takes a winner to draw crowds. Despite loss after loss, the Senators' home attendance was double that of a year ago. Harry Bright, a Pirate castoff, hit three homers. Another former National Leaguer, **Los Angeles**' Leon Wagner ("I don't think Maris is better than me; he just makes more money") also hit three. Wagner, an ex-Giant who bats with a spread grip and fairly leaps at the ball, led the AL with nine home runs. Ken Hunt, just over one injury, stretched his arms and bat overhead after hitting a foul and in the process dislocated his shoulder. Bo Belinsky visited Wooster, Ohio, where teammate Dean Chance's father has a farm. "I really broke up Dean's father," Belinsky said. "I walked into the barn in my brown suedes and cashmere coat." Later in the week Belinsky stunned even more people, pitching a no-hitter against the Orioles. Ryne Duren also befuddled batters, striking out 11 of 21 in three relief jobs. Dick Radatz of **Boston** continued his effective relief work, and after $11\frac{2}{3}$ innings had 17 strikeouts and had given up only two hits. Chet Nichols and Bill Monbouquette attributed their recent success to a five-pound iron ball they used to loosen their arm muscles. **Chicago** batters seemed to be hitting nothing but iron balls. They had a hard time getting extra base hits and finished with a .193 BA.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Billy Pierce of **San Francisco** had a 16.54 ERA in spring training but after last week he had a 1.74 ERA and a 4–0 record. Juan Marichal, after giving up two runs in the first inning, simply shifted from one side of the pitching rubber to the other and shut out the Pirates the rest of the way. Orlando Cepeda hit .355, Chuck Hiller .361, Mickey Mota .381, Felipe Alou .382, Jim Davenport .391, Willie Mays .417, the team as a unit .337. None of the 25 pitchers to start against the Giants this season had been able to finish. Thus it was understandable that they won 10 straight and were in first place. **Milwaukee**'s Frank Bolling was batting .236, Joe Adcock .246, Eddie Mathews .250 and Hank Aaron .270. Warren Spahn lost to the Phillies for the first time in nearly three years. Thus it was understandable that the Braves were seventh. **Los Angeles** had difficulties, too. The Dodgers did not have an extra base hit in four games against the Pirates and batted .237. Probably the most distraught man in the league, though, was **Pittsburgh**'s Don Hoak. After playing several games in spite of badly swollen glands, the peppery third baseman finally had to rest. Why? He tripped over first base and severely sprained his wrist. When **Houston** Manager Harry Craft said, "Oh, my aching back," he was complaining as much about his team's four losses in six games as he was about his sacroiliac. "Ken Johnson and Jim Umbricht," said Houston writer Mickey Herskowitz, "are big enough to serve as book ends for the Library of Congress." Both have pitched well, but because of the team's weak hitting (.249 last week) they have yet to win. **Cincinnati**'s Jim Brosnan, who has two books in the Library of Congress, saved one game as the Reds got good pitching and won four in a row. Vada Pinson also helped by hitting five homers. Manager Freddie Hutchinson decided to copy the Cardinals' batting practice technique of letting each player hit for five minutes. The Reds promptly beat the Cardinals twice. A more drastic shakeup seemed to help Minnie Minoso of **St. Louis**. Minoso was hitting .231 when he banged his head against the wall trying to make a catch. For the rest of the week he hit .273. **Philadelphia** Manager Gene Mauch probably felt like banging his head against the wall after watching some of his players' boners. After losing to the Mets 8–0, the Phillies did well, though. Don Demeter, a converted outfielder, made several spectacular plays at third base. Ted Savage hit one of the longest home runs in the history of Connie Mack Stadium and the Phillies won five in a row, their longest streak since June 1960. Lou Klein took over as head coach for **Chicago** and said, "I'm not interested in home runs." His boys took him at his word. They did not hit one for 25 innings. Still at the bottom of the standings was **New York**. This despite the fact that the Mets had five regulars batting over .300. The Yankees had just two. **END**

TEAM LEADERS

		BA		RBIs		ERA
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
NY	Boyer	.377	Howard	13	Coates	2.35
Minn	Rollins	.341	Rollins	21	Stange	1.23
Clev	Romano	.308	Kirkland	14	Donovan	2.75
LA	Wagner	.311	Wagner	16	Belinsky	1.55
Chi	Robinson	.386	Robinson	24	Buzhardt	2.57
Bos	Pagliaroni	.310	2 with	13	Conley	3.09
KC	Jimenez	.400	Siebern	24	Pfister	4.03
Balt	Temple	.310	Gentile	16	Barbar	1.64
Det	Kaline	.351	Kaline	20	Bunning	3.97
Wash	Johnson	.313	Schaive	8	Burnside	4.50
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
SF	Kuenn	.375	Cepeda	29	Pierce	1.74
StL	Musial	.368	Boyer	25	Simmons	1.25
Pitt	Mazeroski	.317	Mazeroski	16	Francis	1.50
LA	W. Davis	.342	T. Davis	27	Koufax	2.49
Phil	Gonzalez	.375	Demeter	15	McLish	4.71
Cin	Pinson	.344	Pinson	28	O'Toole	3.08
Mil	Crandall	.310	Mathews	21	Shaw	1.70
Hous	Larker	.308	Pendleton	10	Shantz	1.29
Chi	Williams	.316	Williams	16	Koonce	3.82
NY	Mantilla	.350	Themes	14	Jackson	4.34

Boxed statistics through Saturday, May 5

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FOR THE BIRDS

Sirs:

I like and feed birds, but I thought that Mr. Tinsley's piece (*Here Come Our Feathered Enemies!*, April 30) was cute. Of course, it doesn't mean anything.

BILL BENNETT

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Raymond Tinsley is an out-and-out idiot. Five minutes after he had killed every bird in the world he would be so swarming with insects that he would hardly be able to write his second article entitled *Here Comes Our Six-Legged Enemies!*

One more stupid, one-sided article like this and I'll cancel my subscription.

PETER B. LAURIE

Dalton, Pa.

Sirs:

Raymond Tinsley's emotional article leaves me cold. So some birds *do occasionally* transmit disease, but has he ever made a survey of the maladies that he might conceivably catch from his fellow humans? Perhaps we should accommodate him in a sterile, stainless-steel abode, impervious to the ravages of the bacteria that inhabit most of nature's domain. For myself, I prefer to accept the risk of hearing the chirping of the sparrow, and glimpsing the superb color and pure beauty of so many of the creatures that have an inalienable right to share this world of ours.

MERVYN GAYLARD

Fulton, N.Y.

Sirs:

A carrier pigeon dropped this manuscript on my desk the other day. I thought your bird editor might like to have it.

On a tree by a willow, a little tom tit
Sang "Tinsley, o Tinsley, o Tinsley!"
So I said to him, "Dicker Bird, why do you sit
Singing, 'Tinsley, o Tinsley, o Tinsley'?
Are you angry at Raymond? Are you in a pet?"
With a chirp only faintly suffused with regret
He replied, "I am waiting to fly at a jet
Bearing Tinsley, o Tinsley, o Tinsley."

PETER SANDERSON

Woodmere, N.Y.

Sirs:

Something your "brave" bird fighter omits in his third-class article is the brave war record of "Cher Ami," the pigeon that caused General Pershing to carry that brave soldier in feathers to the ship in World War I. Not to mention a dozen other birds that won decorations for their bravery under fire, coming in with spattered blood and broken legs with their messages dangling to a tendon. Your great Paper Warrior Tinsley makes real men want to throw up.

RALPH HAINES

Portland, Ore.

FOR RAY

Sirs:

Three cheers for putting into print what I've long been advocating. Birds eat our cherries, have bombing practice with my clean wash on the clothesline, and are just plain "dirty birds." Would that they concentrate their dirty work around the homes of the bird lovers!

MARY L. LINK

Kenosha, Wis.

Sirs:

As a longtime ornithphobe I congratulate Raymond Tinsley on his April article exposing some of the more notorious of our feathered fiends. While it cannot be denied that some nonedible birds are useful, most of these reptilian anachronisms are vandals, noisemakers, spreaders of filth and carriers of disease.

Fortunately we are no longer plagued by the passenger pigeon, and when the starling, English sparrow, city pigeon, sea gull, swallow and robin have gone their way, civilization and sanitation will have taken a long step forward.

MIKE MATROSS

Gardiner, Mont.

FOR THE BOYS

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED outdid itself in that priceless article on boys' baseball books (*A Sneering Laugh with the Bases Loaded*, April 23). Those were the "good old days" for sure. My project for today is to track down Ralph Henry Barbour's *Wratherby's Inning* and reread it for old time's sake. Thanks for the memories.

ELEANOR GUSTAFSON

Hampton, Va.

Sirs:

Robert Cantwell was talking to our generation.

HAL EVANS

Larned, Kans.

Sirs:

I was reminded of Albert Stearns's fascinating story, *Chris and the Wonderful Lamp*, in the March 1895 number of *St. Nicholas*. Chris, the home-team pitcher, finding himself in peril of being knocked out of the box, begs time to go to the clubhouse for his "medicine," where, rubbing an old lamp à la Aladdin, he summons the genie, who as Chris's double takes his place on the mound. Needless to say, the genie strikes out the opposing side and, for good measure, goes on to win the game with a bases-loaded home run.

Doubtless many a modern pitcher has wished that he might summon a doubling genie. Alas that such stories today are found only on secondhand bookshelves.

LYMAN G. RICHARDS, M.D.

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

You overlooked an interesting, yet average book: *Home Run King, or How Pep Pinda Won His Title*, by Babe Ruth. It was published by the A. L. Burt Company in 1920. It fits pretty well into the stereotype of the books you mentioned, and from it you can see that the Babe was a heck of a lot more ballplayer than author.

CHARLES SANDMEL

Cincinnati

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